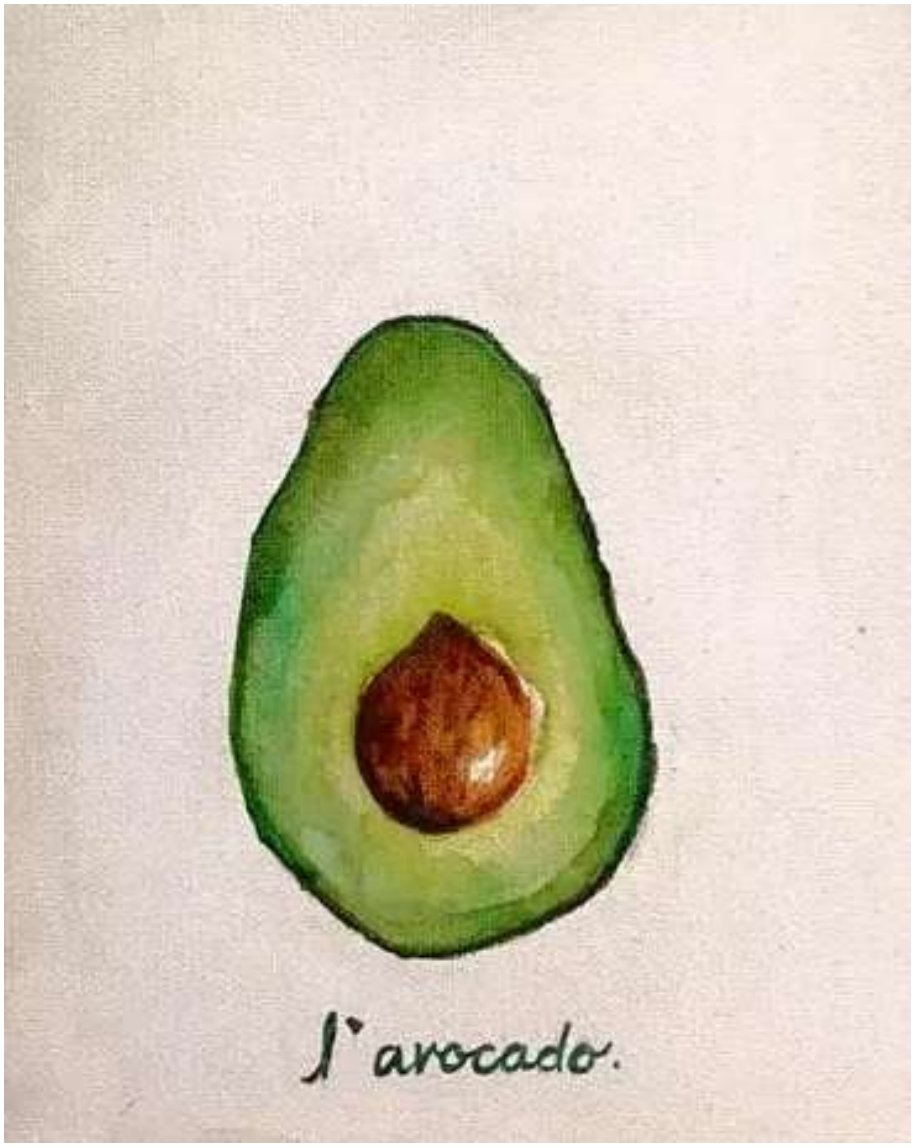
Kitan Magazine



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Kitan Magazine: Volume Seven

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Prologue: Kitan Magazine

Le Minotaur Press of Vancouver is pleased to publish this seventh volume of ***Kitan*** Magazine which serves to feature the work of remarkable writers, poets & artists.

Kitan means tale in Japanese. This Magazine is about the excitement, adventure, romance, Love and Eros of a nice tale.

Kitan Magazine welcomes submissions on a biannual basis.

Please feel free to submit your submissions to

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the writer.

Kitan Prose:

A Model by Anais Nin

My mother had European ideas about young girls. I was sixteen. I had never gone out alone with young men, I had never read anything but literary novels, and by choice I never was like girls of my age. I was what you would call a sheltered person, very much like some Chinese woman, instructed in the art of making the most of the discarded dresses sent to me by a rich cousin, singing and dancing, writing elegantly, reading the finest books, conversing intelligently, arranging my hair beautifully, keeping my hands white and delicate, using only the refined English I had learned since my arrival from France, dealing with everybody in terms of great politeness.

This was what was left of my European education. But I was very much like the Orientals in one other way: long periods of gentleness were followed by bursts of violence, taking the form of temper and rebellion or of quick decisions and positive action. I suddenly decided to go to work, without consulting anybody or asking anybody's approval. I knew my mother would be against my plan.

I had rarely gone to New York alone. Now I walked the streets, answering all kinds of advertisements. My accomplishments were not very practical. I knew languages but not typewriting. I knew Spanish dancing but not the new ballroom dances. Everywhere I went I did not inspire confidence. I looked even younger than my age and over-delicate, oversensitive. I looked as if I could not bear any burdens put on me, yet this was only an appearance.

After a week I had obtained nothing but a sense of not being useful to anyone. It was then I went to see a family friend who was very fond of me. She had disapproved of my mother's way of protecting me. She was happy to see me, amazed at my decision and willing to help me. It was while talking to her humorously about myself, enumerating my assets, that I happened to say that a painter had come to see us the week before and had said that I had an exotic face. My friend jumped up.

"I have it," she said. "I know what you can do. It is true that you have an unusual face. Now I know an art club where the artists go for their models. I will introduce you there. It is a sort of protection for the girls, instead of having them walk about from studio to studio. The artists are registered at the club, where they are known, and they telephone when they need a model."

When we arrived at the club on Fifty-Seventh Street, there was great animation and many people. It turned out that they were preparing for the annual show. Every year all the models were dressed in costumes that best suited them and exhibited to the painters. I was quickly registered for a small fee and was sent upstairs to two elderly ladies who took me into the costume room. One of them chose an eighteenth-century costume. The other fixed my hair above my ears. They taught me how to wax my eyelashes. I saw a new self in the mirrors. The rehearsal was going on. I had to walk downstairs and stroll all around the room. It was not difficult. It was like a masquerade ball.

The day of the show everyone was rather nervous. Much of a model's success depended on this event. My hand trembled as I made up my eyelashes. I was

given a rose to carry, which made me feel a little ridiculous. I was received with applause. After all the girls had walked slowly around the room, the painters talked with us, took down our names, made engagements. My engagement book was filled like a dance card.

Monday at nine o'clock I was to be at the studio of a well-known painter; at one, at the studio of an illustrator; at four o'clock, at the studio of a miniaturist, and so on. There were women painters too. They objected to our using make-up. They said that when they engaged a made-up model and then got her to wash her face before posing, she did not look the same. For that reason posing for women did not attract us very much.

My announcement at home that I was a model came like a thunderbolt. But it was done. I could make twenty-five dollars a week. My mother wept a little, but was pleased deep down.

That night we talked in the dark. Her room connected with mine and the door was open. My mother was worrying about what I knew (or did not know) about sex.

The sum of my knowledge was this: that I had been kissed many times by Stephen, lying on the sand at the beach. He had been lying over me, and I had felt something bulky and hard pressing against me, but that was all, and to my great amazement when I came home I had discovered that I was all wet between the legs. I had not mentioned this to my mother. My private impression was that I was a great sensualist, that this getting wet between the

legs at being kissed showed dangerous tendencies for the future. In fact, I felt quite like a whore.

My mother asked me, "Do you know what happens when a man takes a woman?"

"No," I said, "but I would like to know *how* a man takes a woman in the first place."

"Well, you know the small penis you saw when you bathed your brother — that gets big and hard and the man pushes it inside of the woman."

That seemed ugly to me. "It must be difficult to get it in," I said.

"No, because the woman gets wet before that, so it slides in easily." Now I understood the mystery of the wetness.

In that case, I thought to myself, I will never get raped, because to get wet you have to like the man.

A few months before, having been violently kissed in the woods by a big Russian who was bringing me home from a dance, I had come home and announced that I was pregnant.

Now I remembered how one night when several of us were returning from another dance, driving along the speedway, we had heard girls screaming. My

escort, John, stopped the car. Two girls ran to us from the bushes, disheveled, dresses torn, and eyes haggard. We let them into the car. They were mumbling chaotically about having been taken for a ride on a motorcycle and then attacked. One of them kept saying: "If he broke through, I'll kill myself."

John stopped at an inn and I took the girls to the ladies' room. They immediately went in to the toilet together. One was saying: "There is no blood. I guess he didn't break through." The other one was crying.

We took them home. One of the girls thanked me and said, "I hope that never happens to you."

While my mother was talking I was wondering if she feared this and was preparing me.

I cannot say that when Monday came I was not uneasy. I felt that if the painter was attractive I would be in greater danger than if he was not, for if I liked him I might get wet between the legs.

The first one was about fifty, bald, with a rather European face and little mustache. He had a beautiful studio.

He placed the screen in front of me so that I could change my dress. I threw my clothes over the screen. As I threw my last piece of underwear over the top of the screen I saw the painter's face appear at the top, smiling.

But it was done so comically and ridiculously, like a scene in a play, that I said nothing, got dressed, and took the pose.

Every half-hour I would get a rest. I could smoke a cigarette. The painter put on a record and said: "Will you dance?"

We danced on the highly polished floor, turning among the paintings of beautiful women. At the end of the dance, he kissed my neck. "So dainty," he said. "Do you pose in the nude?"

"No."

"Too bad."

I thought this was not so difficult to manage. It was time to pose again. The three hours passed quickly. He talked while he worked. He said he had married his first model; that she was unbearably jealous; that every now and then she broke into the studio and made scenes; that she would not let him paint from the nude. He had rented another studio she did not know about. Often he worked there. He gave parties there too. Would I like to come to one on Saturday night?

He gave me another little kiss on the neck as I left. He winked and said: "You won't tell the club on me?"

I returned to the club for luncheon because I could make up my face and freshen myself, and they gave us a cheap lunch. The other girls were there. We fell into conversation. When I mentioned the invitation for Saturday night, they laughed, nodding at one another. I could not get them to talk. One girl had lifted up her skirt and was examining a mole way up her thighs. With a little caustic pencil she was trying to burn it away. I saw that she was not wearing panties, just a black satin dress which clung to her. The telephone would ring and then one of the girls would be called and go off to work.

The next was a young illustrator. He was wearing his shirt open at the neck. He did not move when I came in. He shouted at me, "I want to see a lot of back and shoulders. Put a shawl around yourself or something." Then he gave me a small old-fashioned umbrella and white gloves. The shawl he pinned down almost to my waist. This was for a magazine cover.

The arrangement of the shawl over my breasts was precarious. As I tilted my head at the angle he wanted, in a sort of inviting gesture, the shawl slipped and my breasts showed. He would not let me move. "Wish I could paint them in," he said.

He was smiling as he worked with his charcoal pencil. Leaning over to measure me, he touched the tips of my breasts with his pencil and made a little black mark. "Keep that pose," he said as he saw me ready to move. I kept it.

Then he said: "You girls sometimes act as if you thought you were the only ones with breasts or asses. I see so many of them they don't interest me, I

assure you. I take my wife all dressed always. The more clothes she has on the better. I turn off the light. I know too much how women are made. I've drawn millions of them."

The little touch of the pencil on my breasts had hardened the tips. This angered me, because I had not felt it a pleasure at all. Why were my breasts so sensitive, and did he notice it?

He went on drawing and coloring his picture. He stopped to drink a whiskey and offered me some. He dipped his finger in the whiskey and touched one of my nipples. I was not posing so I moved away angrily. He kept smiling at me. "Doesn't it feel nice?" he said. "It warms them."

It was true that the tips were hard and red.

"Very nice nipples you have. You don't need to use lipstick on them, do you? They are naturally rosy. Most of them have a leather color."

I covered myself.

That was all for that day. He asked me to come the next day at the same time.

He was slower in getting to his work on Tuesday. He talked. He had his feet up on his drawing table. He offered me a cigarette. I was pinning up my shawl. He was watching me. He said: "Show me your legs. I may do a drawing of legs next time."

"Sit down with your skirt up high," he said.

He sketched in the legs. There was a silence.

Then he got up, flung his pencil on the table, leaned over me and kissed me fully on the mouth, forcing my head backwards. I pushed him off violently. This made him smile. He slipped his hand swiftly up under my skirt, felt my thighs where the stockings stopped and before I could move was back in his seat.

I took the pose and said nothing, because I had just made a discovery— that in spite of my anger, in spite of the fact that I was not in love, the kiss and the caress on the naked thighs had given me pleasure. While I fought him off, it was only out of a habit, but actually it had given me pleasure.

The pose gave me time to awaken from the pleasure and remember my defenses. But my defenses had been convincing and he was quiet for the rest of the morning.

From the very first I had divined that what I really had to defend myself against was my own susceptibility to caresses. I was also filled with great curiosities about so many things. At the same time I was utterly convinced that I would not give myself to anyone but the man I fell in love with.

I was in love with Stephen. I wanted to go to him and say: "Take me, take me!" I suddenly remembered another incident, and that was a year before this when one of my aunts had taken me to New Orleans to the Mardi Gras. Friends of hers had driven us in their automobile. There were two other young girls with us. A band of young men took advantage of the confusion, the noise, the excitement and gaiety to jump into our automobile, remove our masks and begin kissing us while my aunt raised an outcry. Then they disappeared into the crowd. I was left dazed and wishing that the young man who had taken hold of me and had kissed me on the mouth were still there. I was languid from the kiss, languid and stirred.

Back at the club I wondered what all the rest of the models felt. There was a great deal of talk about defending oneself, and I wondered whether it was all sincere. One of the loveliest models, whose face was not particularly beautiful but who had a magnificent body, was talking:

"I don't know what other girls feel about posing in the nude," she said, "I love it. Ever since I was a little girl I liked taking off my clothes. I liked to see how people looked at me. I used to take off my clothes at parties, as soon as people were a little drunk. I liked showing my body. Now I can't wait to take them off. I enjoy being looked at. It gives me pleasure. I get shivers of pleasure right down my back when men look at me. And when I pose for a whole class of artists at the school, when I see all those eyes on my body, I get so much pleasure, it is—well, it is like being made love to. I feel beautiful, I feel as women must feel sometimes when undressed for a lover. I enjoy my own body. I like to pose holding my breasts in my hand. Sometimes I caress them.

I was once in burlesque. I loved it. I enjoyed doing that as much as the men enjoyed seeing it. The satin of the dress used to give me shivers— taking my breasts out, exposing myself. That excited me. When men touched me I did not get as much excitement it was always a disappointment. But I know other girls who don't feel that way."

"I feel humiliated," said a red-haired model. "I feel my body is not my own, and that it no longer has any value ... being seen by everybody."

"I don't feel anything at all," said another. "I feel it's all impersonal. When men are painting or drawing, they no longer think of us as human beings. One painter told me that the body of a model on the stand is an objective thing, that the only moment he felt disturbed erotically was when the model took off her kimono. In Paris, they tell me, the model undresses right in front of the class, and that's exciting."

"If it were all so objective," said another girl, "they wouldn't invite us to parties afterwards."

"Or marry their models," I added, remembering two painters I had already met who had married their favorite models.

One day I had to pose for an illustrator of stories. When I arrived I found two other people already there, a girl and man. We were to compose scenes together, love scenes for a romance. The man was about forty, with a very mature, very decadent face. It was he who knew how to arrange us. He placed

me in position for a kiss. We had to hold the pose while the illustrator photographed us. I was uneasy. I did not like the man at all. The other girl played the jealous wife who burst in upon the scene. We had to do it many times. Each time the man acted the kiss I shrank inside of myself, and he felt it. He was offended. His eyes were mocking. I acted badly. The illustrator was shouting at me as if we were taking a moving picture, "More passion, put more passion into it!"

I tried to remember how the Russian had kissed me on returning from the dance, and that relaxed me. The man repeated the kiss. And now I felt he was holding me closer than he needed to, and surely he did not need to push his tongue into my mouth. He did it so quickly that I had no time to move. The illustrator started other scenes.

The male model said, "I have been a model for ten years now. I don't know why they always want young girls. Young girls have no experience and no expression. In Europe young girls of your age, under twenty, do not interest anyone. They are left in school or at home. They only become interesting after marriage."

As he talked I thought of Stephen. I thought of us at the beach, lying on the hot sand. I knew that Stephen loved me. I wanted him to take me. I wanted now to be made a woman quickly. I did not like being a virgin, always defending myself. I felt that everyone knew I was a virgin and was all the more keen to conquer me.

That evening Stephen and I were going out together. Somehow or other I must tell him. I must tell him that I was in danger of being raped, that he'd better do it first. No, he would then be so anxious. How could I tell him?

I had news for him. I was the star model now. I had more work than anyone in the club, there were more demands for me because I was a foreigner and had an unusual face. I often had to pose in the evenings. I told Stephen all this. He was proud of me.

"You like your posing?" he said.

"I love it. I love to be with painters, to see them work-good or bad, I like the atmosphere of it, the stories I hear. It is varied, never the same. It is really adventure."

"Do they ... do they make love to you?" Stephen asked.

"Not if you don't want them to."

"But do they try...?"

I saw that he was anxious. We were walking to my house from the railway station, through the dark fields. I turned to him and offered my mouth. He kissed me. I said, "Stephen, take me, take me, take me."

He was completely dumbfounded. I was throwing myself into the refuge of his big arms, I wanted to be taken and have it all over with, I wanted to be made woman. But he was absolutely still, frightened. He said, "I want to marry you, but I can't do it just now."

"I don't care about the marriage."

But now I became conscious of his surprise, and it quieted me. I was immensely disappointed by his conventional attitude. The moment passed. He thought it was merely an attack of blind passion, that I had lost my head. He was even proud to have protected me against my own impulses. I went home to bed and sobbed.

One illustrator asked me if I would pose on Sunday, that he was in a great rush to finish a poster. I consented. When I arrived he was already at work. It was morning and the building seemed deserted. His studio was on the thirteenth floor. He had half of the poster done. I got undressed quickly and put on the evening dress he had given me to wear. He did not seem to pay any attention to me. We worked in peace for a long while. I grew tired. He noticed it and gave me a rest. I walked about the studio looking at the other pictures. They were mostly portraits of actresses. I asked him who they were. He answered me with details about their sexual tastes:

"Oh, this one, this one demands romanticism. It's the only way you can get near her. She makes it difficult. She is European and she likes an intricate courtship. Halfway through I gave it up. It was too strenuous. She was very

beautiful though, and there is something wonderful about getting a woman like that in bed. She had beautiful eyes, an entranced air, like some Hindu mystic. It makes you wonder how they will behave in bed.

"I have known other sexual angels. It is wonderful to see the change in them. These clear eyes that you can see through, these bodies that take such beautiful harmonious poses, these delicate hands ... how they change when desire takes hold of them. The sexual angels! They are wonderful because it is such a surprise, such a change. You, for instance, with your appearance of never having been touched, I can see you biting and scratching ... I am sure your very voice changes—I have seen such changes. There are women's voices that sound like poetic, unearthly echoes. Then they change. The eyes change. I believe that all these legends about people changing into animals at night—like the stories of the werewolf, for instance—were invented by men who saw women transform at night from idealized, worshipful creatures into animals and thought that they were possessed. But I know it is something much simpler than that. You are a virgin, aren't you?"

"No, I am married," I said.

"Married or not, you are a virgin. I can tell. I am never deceived. If you are married your husband has not made you a woman yet. Don't you regret that? Don't you feel you are wasting time, that real living only begins with sensation, with being a woman...?"

This corresponded so exactly to what I had been feeling, to my desire to enter experience, that I was silent. I hated to admit this to a stranger.

I was conscious of being alone with the illustrator in an empty studio building. I was sad that Stephen had not understood my desire to become a woman. I was not frightened but fatalistic, desiring only to find someone I might fall in love with.

"I know what you are thinking," he said, "but for me it would not have any meaning unless the woman wanted me. I never could make love to a woman if she did not want me. When I first saw you, I felt how wonderful it would be to initiate you. There is something about you that makes me feel you will have many love affairs. I would like to be the first one. But not unless you wanted it."

I smiled. "That is exactly what I was thinking. It can only be if I want it, and I do not want it."

"You must not give that first surrender so much importance. I think that was created by the people who wanted to preserve their daughters for marriage, the idea that the first man who takes a woman will have complete power over her. I think that is a superstition. It was created to help preserve women from promiscuity. It is actually untrue. If a man can make himself be loved, if he can rouse a woman, then she will be attracted to him. But the mere act of breaking through her virginity is not enough to accomplish this. Any man can do this and leave the woman unaroused. Did you know that many Spaniards

take their wives this way and give them many children without completely initiating them sexually just to be sure of their faithfulness? The Spaniard believes in keeping pleasure for his mistress. In fact, if he sees a woman enjoy sensuality, he immediately suspects her of being faithless, even of being a whore."

The illustrator's words haunted me for days. Then I was faced with a new problem. Summer had come and the painters were leaving for the country, for the beach, for far-off places in all directions. I did not have the money to follow them, and I was not sure how much work I would get. One morning I posed for an illustrator named Ronald. Afterwards he set the phonograph going and asked me to dance. While we were dancing he said, "Why don't you come to the country for a while? It will do you good, you will get plenty of work, and I will pay for your trip. There are very few good models there. I am sure you will be kept busy."

So I went. I took a little room in a farmhouse. Then I went to see Ronald, who lived down the road in a shed, into which he had built a huge window. The first thing he did was to blow his cigarette smoke into my mouth. I coughed.

"Oh," he said, "you don't know how to inhale."

"I'm not at all interested," I said, getting up. "What kind of pose do you want?"

"Oh," he said laughing, "we don't work so hard here. You will have to learn to enjoy yourself a little. Now, take the smoke from my mouth and inhale it...

"I don't like to inhale."

He laughed again. He tried to kiss me. I moved away.

"Oh, oh," he said, "you are not going to be a very pleasant companion for me. I paid for your trip, you know, and I'm lonely down here. I expected you to be very pleasant company. Where is your suitcase?"

"I took a room down the road."

"But you were invited to stay with me," he said.

"I understood you wanted me to pose for you."

"For the moment it is not a model I need."

I started to leave. He said, "You know, there is an understanding here about models who do not know how to enjoy themselves. If you take this attitude nobody will give you any work."

I did not believe him. The next morning I began to knock on the doors of all the artists I could find. But Ronald had already paid them a visit. So I was received without cordiality, like a person who has played a trick on another. I did not have the money to return home, nor the money to pay for my room. I

knew nobody. The country was beautiful, mountainous, but I could not enjoy it.

The next day I took a long walk and came upon a log cabin by the side of a river. I saw a man painting there, out of doors. I spoke to him. I told him my story. He did not know Ronald, but he was angry. He said he would try to help me. I told him all I wanted was to earn enough to return to New York.

So I began to pose for him. His name was Reynolds. He was a man of thirty or so, with black hair, very soft black eyes and a brilliant smile—a recluse. He never went to the village, except for food, nor frequented the restaurants or bars. He had a lax walk, easy gestures. He had been on the sea, always on tramp steamers, working as a sailor so that he could see foreign countries. He was always restless.

He painted from memory what he had seen in his travels. Now he sat at the foot of a tree and never looked around him but painted a wild piece of South American jungle.

Once when he and his friends were in the jungle, Reynolds told me, they had smelled such a strong animal odor they thought they would suddenly see a panther, but out of the bushes had sprung with incredible velocity a woman, a naked savage woman, who looked at them with the frightened eyes of an animal, then ran off, leaving this strong animal scent behind her, threw herself into the river and swam away before they could catch their breath.

A friend of Reynolds had captured a woman like this. When he had washed off the red paint with which she was covered, she was very beautiful. She was gentle when well treated, succumbed to gifts of beads and ornaments.

Her strong smell repelled Reynolds until his friend had offered to let him have a night with her. He had found her black hair as hard and bristly as a beard. The animal smell made him feel he was lying with a panther. And she was so much stronger than he that after a while, he was acting almost like a woman, and she was the one who was molding him to suit her fancies. She was indefatigable and slow to arouse. She could bear caresses that exhausted him, and he fell asleep in her arms.

Then he found her climbing over him and pouring a little liquid over his penis, something that at first made him smart and then aroused him furiously. He was frightened. His penis seemed to have filled with fire, or with red peppers. He rubbed himself against her flesh, more to ease the burning than out of desire.

He was angry. She was smiling and laughing softly. He began taking her with a rage, driven by a fear that what she had done to him would arouse him for the last time, that it was some sort of enchantment to get the maximum of desire from him, until he died.

She lay back laughing, her white teeth showing, the animal odor of her now affecting him erotically like the smell of musk. She moved with such vigor

that he felt she would tear his penis away from him. But now he wanted to subjugate her. He caressed her at the same time.

She was surprised by this. No one seemed to have done this to her before. When he was tired of taking her, after two orgasms, he continued to rub her clitoris, and she enjoyed this, begging for more, opening her legs wide. Then suddenly she turned over, crouched on the bed and swung her ass upward at an incredible angle. She expected him to take her again, but he continued to caress her. After this it was always his hand that she sought. She rubbed against it like a huge cat. During the day, if she met him she would rub her sex against his hand, surreptitiously.

Reynolds said that that night had made white women seem weak to him. He was laughing as he told the story.

His painting had reminded him of the savage woman hiding in the bushes, waiting like a tigress to leap and run away from the men who carried guns. He had painted her in, with her heavy, pointed breasts, her fine, long legs, her slender waist.

I did not know how I could pose for him. But he was thinking of another picture. He said, "It will be easy. I want you to fall asleep. But you will be wrapped in white sheets. I saw something in Morocco once that I always wanted to paint. A woman had fallen asleep among her silk spools, holding the silk weaving frame with her hennaed feet. You have beautiful eyes, but they'll have to be closed."

He went into the cabin and brought out sheets which he draped around me like a robe. He propped me against a wooden box, arranged my body and hands as he wanted them and began to sketch immediately. It was a very hot day. The sheets made me warm, and the pose was so lazy that I actually fell asleep, I don't know for how long. I felt languid and unreal. And then I felt a soft hand between my legs, very soft, caressing me so lightly I had to awaken to make sure I had been touched. Reynolds was bending over me, but with such an expression of delighted gentleness that I did not move. His eyes were tender, his mouth half open.

"Only a caress," he said, "just a caress."

I did not move. I had never felt anything like this hand softly, softly caressing the skin between my legs without touching my sex. He only touched the tips of my pubic hair. Then his hand slipped down to the little alley around the sex. I was growing lax and soft. He leaned over and put his mouth on mine, lightly touching my lips, until my own mouth responded, and only then did he touch the tip of my tongue with his. His hand was moving, exploring, but so softly, it was tantalizing. I was wet, and I knew if he moved just a little more he would feel this. The languor spread all through my body. Each time his tongue touched mine I felt as if there were another little tongue inside of me, flicking out, wanting to be touched too. His hand moved only around my sex, and then around my ass, and it was as if he magnetized the blood to follow the movements of his hands. His finger touched the clitoris so gently, then slipped between the lips of the vulva. He felt the wetness. He touched this with

delight, kissing me, lying over me now, and I did not move. The warmth, the smells of plants around me, his mouth over mine affected me like a drug.

"Only a caress," he repeated gently, his finger moving around my clitoris until the little mound swelled and hardened. Then I felt as if a seed were bursting in me, a joy that made me palpitate under his fingers. I kissed him with gratitude. He was smiling. He said, "Do you want to caress me?"

I nodded yes, but I did not know what he wanted of me. He unbuttoned his pants and I saw his penis. I took it in my hands. He said, "Press harder." He saw then that I did not know how. He took my hand in his and guided me. The little white foam fell all over my hand. He covered himself. He kissed me with the same grateful kiss I had given him after my pleasure.

He said, "Did you know that a Hindu makes love to his wife ten days before he takes her? For ten days they merely caress and kiss."

The thought of Ronald's behavior angered him all over again—the way he had wronged me in everybody's eyes. I said, "Don't get angry. I am happy he did it, because it made me walk away from the village and come here."

"I loved you as soon as I heard you speak with that accent you have. I felt as if I were traveling again. Your face is so different, your walk, your ways. You remind me of the girl I intended to paint in Fez. I saw her only once, asleep like this. I always dreamed of awakening her as I awakened you."

"And I always dreamed of being awakened with a caress like this," I said.

"If you had been awake I might not have dared."

"You, the adventurer, who lived with a savage woman?"

"I did not really live with the savage woman. That happened to a friend of mine. He was always talking about it, so I always tell it as if it had happened to me. I'm really timid with women. I can knock men down and fight and get drunk, but women intimidate me, even whores. They laugh at me. But this happened exactly as I had always planned it would happen."

"But the tenth day I will be in New York," I said laughing.

"The tenth day I will drive you back, if you have to go back. But meanwhile you are my prisoner."

For ten days we worked out in the open, lying in the sun. The sun would warm my body, as Reynolds waited for me to close my eyes. Sometimes I pretended I wanted him to do more to me. I thought that if I closed my eyes he would take me. I liked the way he would walk up to me, like a hunter, making no sound and lying at my side. Sometimes he lifted my dress first and looked at me for a long time. Then he would touch me lightly, as if he did not want to awaken me, until the moisture came. His fingers would quicken. We kept our mouths together, our tongues caressing. I learned to take his penis in my mouth. This excited him terribly. He would lose all his gentleness, push his

penis into my mouth, and I was afraid of choking. Once I bit him, hurt him, but he did not mind. I swallowed the white foam. When he kissed me, our faces were covered with it. The marvelous smell of sex impregnated my fingers. I did not want to wash my hands.

I felt that we shared a magnetic current, but at the same time nothing else bound us together. Reynolds had promised to drive me back to New York. He could not stay in the country much longer. I had to find work.

During the drive back Reynolds stopped the car and we lay on a blanket in the woods, resting. We caressed. He said, "Are you happy?"

"Yes."

"Can you continue to be happy, this way? As we are?"

"Why, Reynolds, what is it?"

"Listen, I love you. You know that, but I can't take you. I did that to a girl once, and she got pregnant and had an abortion. She bled to death. Since then I haven't been able to take a woman. I'm afraid. If that should happen to you, I would kill myself."

I had never thought of things like this. I was silent. We kissed for a long time. For the first time he kissed me between the legs instead of caressing me, kissed

me until I felt the orgasm. We were happy. He said, "This little wound women have ... it frightens me."

In New York it was hot and all the artists were still away. I found myself without work. I took up modeling in dress shops. I could easily get work, but when they asked me to go out in the evenings with the buyers I would refuse and lose the job. Finally I was taken into a big place near Thirty-fourth Street where they employed six models. This place was frightening and gray. There were long rows of clothes and a few benches for us to sit on. We waited in our slips, to be ready for quick changes. When our numbers were called, we helped one another dress.

The three men who sold the dress designs often tried to fondle us, squeeze us. We took turns staying during the lunch hour. My greatest fear was that I would be left alone with the man who was the most persistent.

Once when Stephen telephoned to ask if he would see me that evening, the man came up behind me and put his hand into my slip to feel my breasts. Not knowing what else to do, I kicked him while I held the phone and tried to go on talking to Stephen. He was not discouraged. Next, he tried to feel my ass. I kicked again.

Stephan was saying, "What is it, what are you saying?"

I ended the conversation and turned on the man. He was gone.

The buyers admired our physical qualities as much as the dresses. The head salesman was very proud of me and would often say, with his hand on my hair, "She's an artist's model."

This made me long to return to posing. I did not want Reynolds or Stephen to find me here in an ugly office building, wearing dresses for ugly salesmen and buyers.

Finally I was called to model at the studio of a South American painter. He had the face of a woman, pale with big black eyes, long black hair, and his gestures were languid and effete. His studio was beautiful—luxuriant rugs, large paintings of nude women, silk hangings; and there was incense burning. He said he had a very intricate pose to do. He was painting a big horse running away with a naked woman. He asked if I had ever ridden on horseback. I said that I had, when I was younger.

"That is marvelous," he said, "exactly what I want. Now, I have made a contraption here which gives me the effect I need."

It was a dummy of a horse without a head, just the body and legs, with a saddle.

He said, "Take your clothes off first, then I will show you. I have difficulty with this part of the pose. The woman is throwing her body back because the horse is running wild, like this." He sat on the dummy horse to show me.

By now I no longer felt timid about posing nude. I took my clothes off and sat on the horse, throwing my body backwards, my arms flying, my legs clasping the horse's flanks so as not to fall. The painter approved. He moved away and looked at me. "It's a hard pose and I do not expect you to keep it very long. Just let me know when you get tired."

He studied me from every side. Then he came up to me and said, "When I made the drawing, this part of the body showed clearly, here, between the legs." He touched me lightly as if it were merely part of his work. I curved in my belly a little to throw the hips forward and then he said, "Now it is fine. Hold it."

He began to sketch. As I sat there I realized that there was one uncommon detail about the saddle. Most saddles, of course, are shaped to follow the contour of the ass and then rise at the pommel, where they are apt to rub against a woman's sex. I had often experienced both the advantages and disadvantages of being supported there. Once my garter came loose from the stocking and began to dance around inside my riding trousers. My companions were galloping and I did not want to fall behind, so I continued. The garter, leaping in all directions, finally fell between my sex and the saddle and hurt me. I held on, gritting my teeth. The pain was strangely mixed with a sensation I could not define. I was a girl then and did not know anything about sex. I thought that a woman's sex was inside of her, and I did not know about the clitoris.

When the ride was over I was in pain. I mentioned what had happened to a girl I knew well and we both went into the bathroom. She helped me out of my trousers, out of my little belt with the garters on it, and then said,

"Are you hurt? That's a very sensitive spot. Maybe you'll never have any pleasure there if you got hurt."

I let her look at it. It was red and a little swollen, but not so very painful. What bothered me was her saying I might be deprived of a pleasure by this, a pleasure I did not know. She insisted on bathing it with a wet cotton, fondled me and finally kissed me, "to make it well."

I became acutely aware of this part of my body. Particularly when we rode a long while in the heat, I felt such a warmth and stirring between my legs that all I desired was to get off the horse and let my friend nurse me again. She was always asking me, "Does it hurt?"

So once I answered, "Just a little." We dismounted and went into the bathroom, and she bathed the chafed spot with cotton and cool water.

And again she fondled me, saying, "But it does not look sore anymore. Maybe you will be able to enjoy yourself again."

"I don't know," I said. "Do you think it has gone ... dead ... from the pain?"

My friend very tenderly leaned over and touched me. "Does it hurt?"

I lay back and said, "No, I do not feel anything."

"Don't you feel this?" she asked with concern, pressing the lips between her fingers.

"No," I said, watching her.

"Don't you feel this?" She passed her fingers now around the tip of the clitoris, making tiny circles.

"I don't feel anything."

She became eager to see if I had lost my sensibility and increased her caresses, rubbing the clitoris with one hand while she vibrated the tip with the other. She stroked my pubic hair and tender skin around it. Finally I felt her, wildly, and I began to move. She was panting over me, watching me and saying, "Wonderful, wonderful, you can feel there..."

I was remembering this as I sat on the dummy horse and noticed that the pommel was quite accentuated. So the painter could see what he wanted to paint, I slid forward, and as I did so my sex rubbed against the leather prominence. The painter was observing me.

"Do you like my horse?" he said. "Do you know that I can make it move?"

"Can you?"

He came near me and set the dummy in motion, and indeed it was perfectly constructed to move like a horse.

"I like it," I said. "It reminds me of the times I rode horseback when I was a girl." I noticed that he stopped painting now to watch me. The motion of the horse pushed my sex against the saddle even harder and gave me great pleasure. I thought that he would notice it, and so I said, "Stop it now." But he smiled and did not stop it. "Don't you like it?" he said.

I did like it. Each movement brought the leather against my clitoris, and I thought I could not hold back an orgasm if it went on. I begged him to stop. My face was flushed.

The painter was carefully watching me, watching every expression of a pleasure I could not control, and now it increased so that I abandoned myself to the motion of the horse, let myself rub against the leather, until I felt the orgasm and I came, riding this way in front of him.

Only then did I know that he expected it, that he had done all this to see me enjoy it. He knew when to stop the machinery. "You can rest now," he said.

Soon after I went to pose for a woman illustrator, Lena, I had met at a party. She liked company. Actors and actresses came to see her, writers. She painted for magazine covers. The door was always open. People brought drinks. The

talk was acid, cruel. It seemed to me that all her friends were caricaturists. Everyone's weaknesses were immediately exposed. Or they exposed their own. One beautiful young man, dressed with great elegance, made no secret of his profession. He sat around at the big hotels, waited for old women who were alone and took them out to dance. Very often they invited him back to their rooms.

Lena made a wry face. "How can you do it?" she asked him. "Such old women, how can you possibly get an erection? If I saw a woman like that lying on my bed, I would run away."

The young man smiled. "There are so many ways of doing it. One is to close my eyes and to imagine it is not an old woman but a woman I like, and then when my eyes are closed I begin to think how pleasant it will be to be able to pay my rent the next day or to buy a new suit or silk shirts. And as I do this, I keep stroking the woman's sex without looking, and, you know, if your eyes are closed, they feel about the same, more or less. Sometimes, though, when I have difficulty I take drugs. Of course, I know that at this rate my career will last about five years and that at the end of that time I will not be of any use even to a young woman. But by then I will be glad never to see a woman again.

"I certainly envy my Argentine friend, my roommate. He is a handsome, aristocratic man, absolutely effete. Women would love him. When I leave the apartment, do you know what he does? He gets up out of bed, pulls out a small electric iron and an ironing board, takes his pants and begins to press them.

As he presses them he imagines how he will come out of the building so impeccably dressed, how he will walk down Fifth Avenue, how somewhere he will spy a beautiful woman, follow the scent of her perfume for many blocks, follow her into crowded elevators, almost touching her. The woman will be wearing a veil and a fur around her neck. Her dress will outline her figure.

"After following her thus through the shops, he will finally speak to her. She will see his handsome face smiling at her and the chivalrous way he has of carrying himself. They will go off together and sit having tea somewhere, then go to the hotel where she is staying. She will invite him to come up with her. They will get into the room and then pull down the shades and lie in the darkness making love.

"As he presses his pants carefully, meticulously, my friend imagines how he will make love to this woman—and it excites him. He knows how he will grip her. He likes to push his penis in from behind and raise the woman's legs, and then get her to turn just a little so that he can see it moving in and out. He likes the woman to squeeze the base of his penis at the same time; her fingers press harder than the mouth of her sex, and that excites him. She will also touch his balls as he moves, and he will touch her clitoris, because that gives her a double pleasure. He will make her gasp and shake from head to foot and beg for more.

"By the time he has envisioned all this standing there, half naked, pressing his pants, my friend has a hard on. It is all he wants. He puts away the pants, the

iron and the ironing board, and he gets into bed again, lying back and smoking, thinking over this scene until each detail of it is perfect and a drop of semen appears at the head of his penis, which he strokes while he lies smoking and dreaming of pursuing other women.

"I envy him because he can get so much excitement from thinking all this. He questions me. He wants to know how my women are made, how they behave..."

Lena laughed. She said, "It's hot. I will take my corset off." And she went into the alcove. When she came back her body looked free and lax. She sat down, crossed her bare legs, her blouse half-open. One of her friends sat where he could see her.

Another one, a handsome man, stood near me as I was posing and whispered compliments. He said, "I love you because you remind me of Europe—Paris especially. I don't know what there is about Paris, but there is sensuality in the air there. It is contagious. It is such a human city. I don't know whether it is because couples are always kissing in the streets, at tables in the cafés, in the movies, in the parks. They embrace each other so freely. They stop for long complete kisses in the middle of the sidewalk, at the subway entrances. Perhaps it is that, or the softness of the air. I don't know. In the dark, in each doorway at night there is a man and a woman almost melted into one another. The whores watch for you every moment ... they touch you.

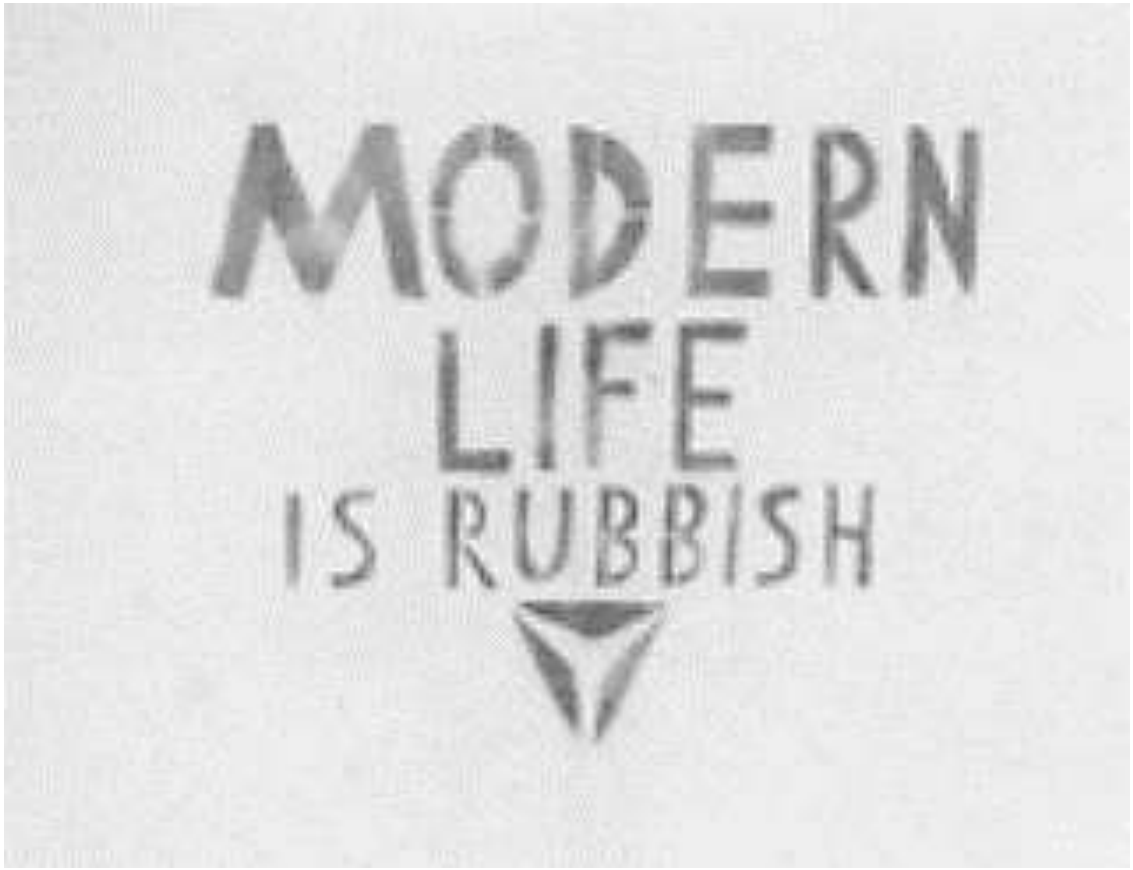
"One day I was standing on a platform bus, looking up idly at the houses. I saw a window open and a man and woman lying on a bed. The woman was sitting over the man.

"At five o'clock in the afternoon it becomes unbearable. There is love and desire in the air. Everybody is in the streets. The cafés are full. In the movies there are little boxes that are completely dark and curtained off so that you can make love on the floor while the movie is going on and not be seen. It is all so open, so easy. No police to interfere. A woman friend of mine who was followed and annoyed by a man complained to the policeman at the corner. He laughed and said, 'You'll be sorrier the day no man wants to annoy you, won't you? After all, you should be thankful instead of getting angry.' And he would not help her."

Then my admirer said in a lower voice, "Will you come and have dinner with me and go to the theatre?"

He became my first real lover. I forgot Reynolds and Stephen. They now seemed like children to me.

Pictorial: A Message …for all who believe in Pop Culture …



Dada Manifesto On Feeble Love And Bitter Love by Tristan Tzara

I

[**Zurich** , 12th December 1920]

preamble = sardanapalus

one = suitcase

woman = women

trousers = water

if = moustache

2 = three

stick = perhaps

after = sightreading

irritant = emerald

vice = screw

october = periscope

nerve =

or all this drawn together in any old savory, soapy, brusque or definitive order – drawn by lot – is alive.

It is thus that over and above the vigilant spirit of the clergyman built at the corner of every road, be it animal, vegetable, imaginable or organic, everything is the same as everything that is not the same. Even if I didn't believe it, it's the truth of the fact that I've put it on paper – because it's a lie that I have FIXED like a butterfly on a hat.

Lies circulate – welcome Mister Opportune and Mister Convenient: I arrest them – they're turning into the truth.

Thus DADA takes on the job of the two-wheeled cops and of undercover morality.

Everyone (at a certain moment) was sound in mind and body.

Repeat this 30 times.

I consider myself very likeable.

II

A manifesto is a communication made to the whole world, whose only pretensions is to the discovery of an instant cure for political, astronomical, artistic, parliamentary, agronomical and literary syphilis. It may be pleasant, and good-natured, it's always right, it's strong, vigorous and logical.
Apropos of logic, I consider myself very likeable.

Pride is the star that yawns and penetrates through the eyes and the mouth, she insists, strikes deep, on her breast is inscribed: you will die. This is her only remedy. Who still believes in doctors? I prefer the poet who is a fart in a steam-engine – he's gentle but he doesn't cry – polite and semi-homosexual, he floats. I don't give a single damn about either one of them. It's by pure (unnecessary) chance that the first should be German and the second Spanish. Far be it from us, in actual fact, the idea of discovering theory of the probability of races and the epistolary perfection of bitterness.

III

We have always made mistakes, but the greatest mistakes are the poems we have written. Gossip has one single raison d'être: the rejuvenation and maintenance of biblical traditions. Gossip is perfecting itself, encouraged by the state-controlled tobacco company, the railways, the hospitals, the undertaking industry and cloth factories. Gossip is encouraged by the culture of the family. Gossip is encouraged by Peter's pence. Every drop of saliva that escapes from a conversation is converted into gold. Since the people have always needed divinities to protect the three essential laws, which are those of God: eating, making love and shitting, since the kinds are on their travels

and the laws are too hard, the only thing that counts at the moment is gossip. The form under which it most often appears is DADA.

There are some people (journalists, lawyers, amateurs, philosophers) who even think that other forms: business, marriages, visits, wars, various conferences, limited companies, politics, accidents, dance halls, economic crises, fits of hysterics, are variations of dada.

Not being an imperialist, I don't share their opinion – I believe, rather, that dada is only a divinity of the second order, which must quite simple by placed beside the other forms of the new mechanism of the religions of the interregnum.

Is simplicity simple, or dada?

I consider myself rather likeable.

IV

Is poetry necessary? I know that those who shout loudest against it are actually preparing a comfortable perfection for it; they call it the Future Hygienic.

People envisage the (ever-impending) annihilation of art. Here they are looking for a more art-like art. Hygiene becomes mygod mygod purity.

Must we no longer believe in words? Since when do they express the contrary of what the organ that utters them things and wants?* Herein lies the great secret:

Thought is made in the mouth.

I still consider myself very likeable.

A great Canadian philosopher said: Thought and the past are also very likeable.

V

A friend, who is too good a friend of mine not to be very intelligent, said to me the other day:

a shudder
a palmist IS ONLY THE

WAY PEOPLE SAY good morning / good evening AND

WHICH DEPENDS ON THE FORM

THAT HAS BEEN GIVEN

TO
its forget-me-not
his hair

I answered

YOU ARE RIGHT
idiot
prince
BECAUSE I AM

CONVINCED OF THE
contrary
Tartary

naturally
we hesitate
WE ARE NOT (DO NOT)

right. I am called
wish to understand
THE OTHER

Since diversity is diverting, this game of golf gives the illusion of a "certain" depth. I support all the conventions – to suppress them would be to make new ones, which would complicate our lives in a truly repugnant fashion.

We wouldn't know any more what if fashionable: to love the children of the first or second marriage. The "pistil of the pistol" has often landed us in bizarre and restless situations. To *disorder* meanings – to *disorder* notions and all the little tropical rains of demoralisation, disorganisation, destruction and billiard-breaks, are actions which are insured against lightning and recognised

as being of public utility. There is one known fact: Dadaists are only to be found these days in the French Academy. I nevertheless consider myself very likeable.

VI

It seems that this exists: more logical, very logical, too logical, less logical, not very logical, really logical, fairly logical.

Well then, draw the inferences.

“I have.”

Now think of the person you love most.

“Have you?”

Tell me the number and I’ll tell you the lottery.

VII

A priori, in other words with its eyes closed, Dada places before action and above all: Doubt. DADA doubts everything. Dada is an armadillo. Everything is Dada, too. Beware of Dada.

Anti-dadaism is a disease: selfkleptomania, man's normal
condition, is DADA.
But the real dadas are against DADA
The selfkleptomaniac.

The person who steals – without thinking of his own interests, or of his will – elements of his individual, is a kleptomaniac. He steals himself. He causes the characters that alienate him from the community to disappear. The bourgeois resemble one another – they're all alike. They used not to be alike. They have been taught to steal – stealing has become a function – the most convenient and least dangerous thing is to steal oneself. They are all very poor. The poor are against DADA. They have a lot to do with their brains. They'll never get to the end of it. They work. The poor are against DADA. He who is against DADA is for me, a famous man said, but then he died. They buried him like a true dadaist. Anno domini Dada. Beware! And remember this example.

VIII

TO MAKE A DADAIST POEM

Take a newspaper.
Take some scissors.

Choose from this paper an article of the length you want to make your poem.
Cut out the article.
Next carefully cut out each of the words that makes up this article and put them all in a bag.
Shake gently.
Next take out each cutting one after the other.
Copy conscientiously in the order in which they left the bag.
Them poem will resemble you.
And there you are – an infinitely original author of charming sensibility, even though unappreciated by the vulgar herd.

Here is an example of a Dada poem:

When Dogs Cross the Air in a Diamond Like Ideas

when dogs cross the air in a diamond like ideas
and the appendix of the meninx tells the time of the alarm programme
(the title is mine)
prices they are yesterday suitable next pictures
appreciate the dream era of the eyes
pompously that to recite the gospel sort darkens
group apotheosis imagine said he fatality power of colours
carved flies (in the theatre) flabbergasted reality a delight
spectator all to effort of the no more 10 to 12
during divagation twirls descends pressure
render some mad single-file flesh on a monstrous crushing stage

celebrate but their 160 adherents in steps on put on my nacreous
sumptuous of land bananas sustained illuminate
joy ask together almost of has the a such that the invoked visions
some sings latter laughs
exits situation disappears describes she 25 dance bows
dissimulated the whole of it isn't was
magnificent has the band better light
whose lavishness stage music-halls me
reappears following instant moves live/
business he didn't has lent
manner words come these people

IX

There are some people who explain, because there are others who learn. Abolish hem and all that's left is dada.

Dip your pen into a black liquid with manifesto intentions – it's only your autobiography that you're hatching under the belly of the flowering cerebellum.

Biography is the paraphernalia of the famous man. Great or strong. And there you are, a simple man like the rest of them, once you've dipped your pen into the ink, full of

PRETENSIONS

which manifest themselves in forms as diverse as they are unforeseen, which apply to every form of activity and of state of mind and of mimicry: there you are, full of

AMBITIONS

to keep yourself on the dial of life, in the place where you've only just arrived, to proceed along the illusory and ridiculous upward path towards an apotheosis that only exists in your neurasthenia: there you are, full of

PRIDE

greater, stronger, more profound than all the others.
Dear colleagues: a great man, a little one, a strong, weak, profound, superficial one, *that's why you're all going to die*.

There are some people who have antedated their manifestos to make other people believe that they had the idea of their own greatness a little earlier. My dear colleagues, before after, past future, now yesterday, *that's why you're all going to die.*

There are some people who have said: *DADA* is good because it isn't bad,

DADA is bad,
DADA is a religion,

DADA is a poem,
DADA is a spirit,
DADA is sceptical,
DADA is magic,
I know *DADA*.

My dear colleagues: good bad, religion poetry, spirit scepticism, definition definition, *that's why you're all going to die*, and you *will* die, I promise you.

The great mystery is a secret, but it's known to a few people. They will never say what dada is. To amuse you once again I'll tell you something like:

DADA is the dictatorship of the spirit, or
DADA is the dictatorship of language,
or else
DADA is the death of the spirit,
which will please many of my friends. Friends.

X

It is certain that since Gambetta, the war, Panama and the Steinheil affair, intelligence is to be found in the street. The intelligent man has become and all-round, normal person. What we lack, what has some interest, what is rare because he has the anomalies of precious being, the freshness and liberty of the great anti-men, is

THE IDIOT

Dada is working with all its might towards the universal installation of the idiot. But consciously. And tends itself to become more and more of one.

Dada is terrible: it doesn't feel sorry about the defeats of intelligence.

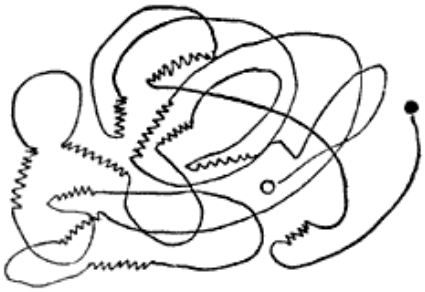
Dada could rather be called cowardly, but cowardly like a mad dog; it recognises neither method nor persuasive excess.

The lack of garters which makes it systematically bend down reminds us of the famous lack of system which basically has never existed. The false rumour was started by a laundress at the bottom of her page, the page was taken to the barbaric country where humming-birds act as the sandwich-men of cordial nature.

This was told me by a watch-maker who was holding a supple syringe which, in characteristic memory of the hot countries, he called phlegmatic and insinuating.

XI

Dada is a dog – a compass – the lining of the stomach – neither new nor a nude Japanese girl – a gasometer of jangled feelings – Dada is brutal and doesn't go in for propaganda – Dada is a quantity of life in transparent, effortless and gyratory transformation.



XII

gentlemen and ladies buy come in and buy and don't read you'll see the fellow who has in his hands the key to niagara the man with a game leg in the game box his hemispheres in a suitcase his nose enclosed in a chinese lantern you'll see you'll see you'll see the belly dance in the massachusetts saloon the fellow who sticks the nail in and the tyre goes down mademoiselle atlantide's silk stockings the trunk that goes 6 times round the world to find the addressee monsieur and his fiancee his brother and his sister-in-law you'll find the carpenter's address the toad-watch the nerve like a paper-knife you'll have the address of the minor pin for the feminine sex and that of the fellow who supplies the obscene photos to the kind of greece as well as the address of l'action francaise.

XIII

DADA is a virgin microbe

DADA is against the high cost of living

DADA

limited company for the exploitation of ideas

DADA has 391 different attitudes and colours according to the sex of the president

It changes – affirms – says the opposite at the same time – no importance – shouts – goes fishing.

Dada is the chameleon of rapid and self-interested change.

Dada is against the future. Dada is dead. Dada is absurd. Long live Dada. Dada is not a literary school,

HOWL …

XIV

To "prettify" life in the lorgnette – a blanket of caresses – a panoply with butterflies – that's the life of life's chambermaids.

To sleep on a razor and on fleas in rut – to travel in a barometer – to piss like a cartridge – to make faux pas, be idiotic, take showers of holy minutes – be beaten, always be the last one – shout out the opposite of what the other fellow says – be the editorial office and the bathroom of God who every day takes a bath in us in company with the cesspool clearer – that's the life of dadaists.

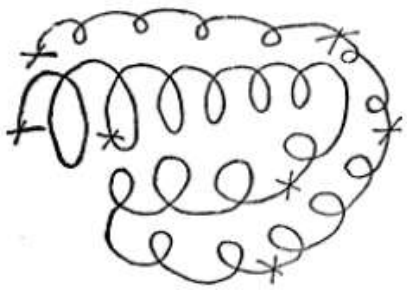
To be intelligent – respect everyone – die on the field of honour – subscribe to the Loan – vote for So-and-So – respect for nature and painting – to barrack at dada manifestations – that's the life of men.

XV

DADA is not a doctrine to be put into practice: Dada – is for lying: a successful business. Dada gets into debt and doesn't live on its well-filled wallet. The good Lord created a universal language, that's why people don't take him seriously. A language is a utopia. God can allow himself not to be successful: so can Dada. That's why the critics say: Dada goes in for luxuries, or Dada is in rut. God goes in for luxuries, or God is in rut. Who's right: God, Dada or the critic?

"You're deviating," a charming reader tells me.

– No no, not at all! I simply wanted to reach the conclusion: Subscribe to Dada, the only loan that doesn't pay.



XVI

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Pictorial: Kate Moss … A good girl with lots of curls …

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Editor in Chief: Patrick Bruskiewich

Dada Manifesto by Tristan Tzara

[**Zurich**, 23rd March 1918] The magic of a word – Dada – which has brought journalists to the gates of a world unforeseen, is of no importance to us.

To put out a manifesto you must want: ABC

to fulminate against 1, 2, 3

to fly into a rage and sharpen your wings to conquer and disseminate little abcs and big ABCs, to sign, shout, swear, to organize prose into a form of absolute and irrefutable evidence, to prove your non plus ultra and maintain that novelty resembles life just as the latest-appearance of some whore proves the essence of God. His existence was previously proved by the accordion, the landscape, the wheedling word. To impose your ABC is a natural thing –

hence deplorable. Everybody does it in the form of crystalbluff-madonna, monetary system, pharmaceutical product, or a bare leg advertising the ardent sterile spring. The love of novelty is the cross of sympathy, demonstrates a naive je m'enfoutisme, it is a transitory, positive sign without a cause.

But this need itself is obsolete. In documenting art on the basis of the supreme simplicity: novelty, we are human and true for the sake of amusement, impulsive, vibrant to crucify boredom. At the crossroads of the lights, alert, attentively awaiting the years, in the forest. I write a manifesto and I want nothing, yet I say certain things, and in principle I am against manifestos, as I am also against principles (half-pints to measure the moral value of every phrase too too convenient; approximation was invented by the impressionists). I write this manifesto to show that people can perform contrary actions together while taking one fresh gulp of air; I am against action; for continuous contradiction, for affirmation too, I am neither for nor against and I do not explain because I hate common sense.

DADA – this is a word that throws up ideas so that they can be shot down; every bourgeois is a little playwright, who invents different subjects and who, instead of situating suitable characters on the level of his own intelligence, like chrysalises on chairs, tries to find causes or objects (according to whichever psychoanalytic method he practices) to give weight to his plot, a talking and self-defining story.

Every spectator is a plotter, if he tries to explain a word (to know!) From his padded refuge of serpentine complications, he allows his instincts to be manipulated. Whence the sorrows of conjugal life.

To be plain: The amusement of red-bellies in the mills of empty skulls.

DADA DOES NOT MEAN ANYTHING

If you find it futile and don't want to waste your time on a word that means nothing … The first thought that comes to these people is bacteriological in character: to find its etymological, or at least its historical or psychological origin. We see by the papers that the Kru Negroes call the tail of a holy cow Dada. The cube and the mother in a certain district of Italy are called: Dada. A hobby horse, a nurse both in Russian and Rumanian: Dada. Some learned journalists regard it as an art for babies, other holy Jesuscallingthelittlechildrenuntohims of our day, as a relapse into a dry and noisy, noisy and monotonous primitivism. Sensibility is not constructed on the basis of a word; all constructions converge on perfection which is boring, the stagnant idea of a gilded swamp, a relative human product. A work of art should not be beauty in itself, for beauty is dead; it should be neither gay nor sad, neither light nor dark to rejoice or torture the individual by serving him the cakes of sacred aureoles or the sweets of a vaulted race through the atmospheres. A work of art is never beautiful by decree, objectively and for all. Hence criticism is useless, it exists only subjectively, for each man separately, without the slightest character of universality. Does anyone think he has found a psychic base common to all mankind? The attempt of Jesus

and the Bible covers with their broad benevolent wings: shit, animals, days. How can one expect to put order into the chaos that constitutes that infinite and shapeless variation: man? The principle: "love thy neighbor" is a hypocrisy. "Know thyself" is utopian but more acceptable, for it embraces wickedness. No pity. After the carnage we still retain the hope of a purified mankind. I speak only of myself since I do not wish to convince, I have no right to drag others into my river, I oblige no one to follow me and everybody practices his art in his own way, if be knows the joy that rises like arrows to the astral layers, or that other joy that goes down into the mines of corpse-flowers and fertile spasms. Stalactites: seek them everywhere, in managers magnified by pain, eyes white as the hares of the angels.

And so Dada was born (*in 1916 at the CABARET VOLTAIRE in Zurich*) of a need for independence, of a distrust toward unity. Those who are with us preserve their freedom. We recognize no theory. We have enough cubist and futurist academies: laboratories of formal ideas. Is the aim of art to make money and cajole the nice nice bourgeois? Rhymes ring with the assonance of the currencies and the inflexion slips along the line of the belly in profile. All groups of artists have arrived at this trust company utter riding their steeds on various comets. While the door remains open to the possibility of wallowing in cushions and good things to eat.

Here we are dropping our anchor in fertile ground.

Here we really know what we are talking about, because we have experienced the trembling and the awakening. Drunk with energy, we are revenants

thrusting the trident into heedless flesh. We are streams of curses in the tropical abundance of vertiginous vegetation, resin and rain is our sweat, we bleed and burn with thirst, our blood is strength.

Cubism was born out of the simple way of looking at an object: Cezanne painted a cup 20 centimetres below his eyes, the cubists look at it from above, others complicate appearance by making a perpendicular section and arranging it conscientiously on the side. (I do not forget the creative artists and the profound laws of matter which they established once and for all.) The futurist sees the same cup in movement, a succession of objects one beside the others and maliciously adds a few force lines. This does not prevent the canvas from being a good or bad painting suitable for the investment of intellectual capital.

The new painter creates a world, the elements of which are also its implements, a sober, definite work without argument. The new artist protests: he no longer paints (symbolic and illusionist reproduction) but creates directly in stone, wood, iron, tin, boulders—locomotive organisms capable of being turned in all directions by the limpid wind of momentary sensation. All pictorial or plastic work is useless: let it then be a monstrosity that frightens servile minds, and not sweetening to decorate the refectories of animals in human costume, illustrating the sad fable of mankind.

A painting is the art of making two lines, which have been geometrically observed to be parallel, meet on a canvas, before our eyes, in the reality of a world that has been transposed according to new conditions and possibilities.

This world is neither specified nor defined in the work, it belongs, in its innumerable variations, to the spectator. For its creator it has neither case nor theory. Order = disorder; ego = non-ego; affirmation – negation: the supreme radiations of an absolute art. Absolute in the purity of its cosmic and regulated chaos, eternal in that globule that is a second which has no duration, no breath, no light and no control. I appreciate an old work for its novelty. It is only contrast that links us to the past. Writers who like to moralize and discuss or ameliorate psychological bases have, apart from a secret wish to win, a ridiculous knowledge of life, which they may have classified, parceled out, canalized; they are determined to see its categories dance when they beat time. Their readers laugh derisively, but carry on: what's the use?

There is one kind of literature which never reaches the voracious masses. The work of creative writers, written out of the author's real necessity, and for his own benefit. The awareness of a supreme egoism, wherein laws become significant. Every page should explode, either because of its profound gravity, or its vortex, vertigo, newness, eternity, or because of its staggering absurdity, the enthusiasm of its principles, or its typography. On the one hand there is a world tottering in its flight, linked to the resounding tinkle of the infernal gamut; on the other hand, there are: the new men. Uncouth, galloping, riding astride on hiccups. And there is a mutilated world and literary medicasters in desperate need of amelioration.

I assure you: there is no beginning, and we are not afraid; we aren't sentimental. We are like a raging wind that rips up the clothes of clouds and prayers, we are preparing the great spectacle of disaster, conflagration and

decomposition. Preparing to put an end to mourning, and to replace tears by sirens spreading from one continent to another. Clarions of intense joy, bereft of that poisonous sadness. DADA is the mark of abstraction; publicity and business are also poetic elements.

I destroy the drawers of the brain, and those of social organization: to sow demoralization everywhere, and throw heaven's hand into hell, hell's eyes into heaven, to reinstate the fertile wheel of a universal circus in the Powers of reality, and the fantasy of every individual.

Philosophy is the question: from which side shall we look at life, God, the idea or other phenomena. Everything one looks at is false. I do not consider the relative result more important than the choice between cake and cherries after dinner. The system of quickly looking at the other side of a thing in order to impose your opinion indirectly is called dialectics, in other words, haggling over the spirit of fried potatoes while dancing method around it.

If I shout:
Ideal, Ideal, Ideal
Knowledge, Knowledge, Knowledge
Boomboom, Boomboom, Boomboom

I have given a pretty faithful version of progress, law, morality and all other fine qualities that various highly intelligent men have discussed in so many books, only to conclude that after all everyone dances to his own personal boomboom, and that the writer is entitled to his boomboom: the satisfaction

of pathological curiosity a private bell for inexplicable needs; a bath; pecuniary difficulties; a stomach with repercussions in tile; the authority of the mystic wand formulated as the bouquet of a phantom orchestra made up of silent fiddle bows greased with filters made of chicken manure. With the blue eye-glasses of an angel they have excavated the inner life for a dime's worth of unanimous gratitude. If all of them are right and if all pills are Pink Pills, let us try for once not to be right. Some people think they can explain rationally, by thought, what they think. But that is extremely relative. Psychoanalysis is a dangerous disease, it puts to sleep the anti-objective impulses of man and systematizes the bourgeoisie. There is no ultimate Truth. The dialectic is an amusing mechanism which guides us / in a banal kind of way / to the opinions we had in the first place. Does anyone think that, by a minute refinement of logic, he had demonstrated the truth and established the correctness of these opinions? Logic imprisoned by the senses is an organic disease. To this element philosophers always like to add: the power of observation. But actually this magnificent quality of the mind is the proof of its impotence. We observe, we regard from one or more points of view, we choose them among the millions that exist. Experience is also a product of chance and individual faculties. Science disgusts me as soon as it becomes a speculative system, loses its character of utility that is so useless but is at least individual. I detest greasy objectivity, and harmony, the science that finds everything in order. Carry on, my children, humanity… Science says we are the servants of nature: everything is in order, make love and bash your brains in. Carry on, my children, humanity, kind bourgeois and journalist virgins… I am against systems, the most acceptable system is on principle to have none. To complete oneself, to perfect oneself in one's own littleness, to fill the

vessel with one's individuality, to have the courage to fight for and against thought, the mystery of bread, the sudden burst of an infernal propeller into economic lilies.

DADAIST SPONTANEITY

What I call the I-don't-give-a-damn attitude of life is when everyone minds his own business, at the same time as he knows how to respect other individualities, and even how to stand up for himself, the two-step becoming a national anthem, a junk shop, the wireless (the wire-less telephone) transmitting Bach fugues, illuminated advertisements for placards for brothels, the organ broadcasting carnations for God, all this at the same time, and in real terms, replacing photography and unilateral catechism.

Active simplicity.

Inability to distinguish between degrees of clarity: to lick the penumbra and float in the big mouth filled with honey and excrement. Measured by the scale of eternity, all activity is vain– (if we allow thought to engage in an adventure the result of which would be infinitely grotesque and add significantly to our knowledge of human impotence). But supposing life to be a poor farce, without aim or initial parturition, and because we think it our duty to extricate ourselves as fresh and clean as washed chrysanthemums, we have proclaimed as the sole basis for agreement: art. It is not as important as we, mercenaries of the spirit, have been proclaiming for centuries. Art afflicts no one and those who manage to take an interest in it will harvest caresses and a fine

opportunity to populate the country with their conversation. Art is a private affair, the artist produces it for himself, an intelligible work is the product of a journalist, and because at this moment it strikes my fancy to combine this monstrosity with oil paints: a paper tube simulating the metal that is automatically pressed and poured hatred cowardice villainy. The artist, the poet rejoice at the venom of the masses condensed into a section chief of this industry, he is happy to be insulted: it is a proof of his immutability. When a writer or artist is praised by the newspapers, it is a proof of the intelligibility of his work: wretched lining of a coat for public use; tatters covering brutality, piss contributing to the warmth of an animal brooding vile instincts. Flabby, insipid flesh reproducing with the help of typographical microbes.

We have thrown out the cry-baby in us. Any infiltration of this kind is candied diarrhea. To encourage this act is to digest it. What we need is works that are strong straight precise and forever beyond understanding. Logic is a complication. Logic is always wrong. It draws the threads of notions, words, in their formal exterior, toward illusory ends and centres. Its chains kill, it is an enormous centipede stifling independence. Married to logic, art would live in incest, swallowing, engulfing its own tail, still part of its own body, fornicating within itself, and passion would become a nightmare tarred with Protestantism, a monument, a heap of ponderous grey entrails. But the suppleness, enthusiasm, even the joy of injustice, this little truth which we practice innocently and which makes its beautiful: we are subtle and our fingers are malleable and slippery as the branches of that sinuous, almost liquid plant; it defines our soul, say the cynics. That too is a point of view; but all flowers are not sacred, fortunately, and the divine thing in us is to call to

anti-human action. I am speaking of a paper flower for the buttonholes of the gentlemen who frequent the ball of masked life, the kitchen of grace, white cousins lithe or fat. They traffic with whatever we have selected. The contradiction and unity of poles in a single toss can be the truth. If one absolutely insists on uttering this platitude, the appendix of a libidinous, malodorous morality. Morality creates atrophy like every plague produced by intelligence. The control of morality and logic has inflicted us with impassivity in the presence of policemen who are the cause of slavery, putrid rats infecting the bowels of the bourgeoisie which have infected the only luminous clean corridors of glass that remained open to artists..

But suppleness, enthusiasm and even the joy of injustice, that little truth that we practice as innocents and that makes us beautiful: we are cunning, and our fingers are malleable and guide like the branches of that insidious and almost liquid plant; this injustice is the indication of our soul, say the cynics. This is also a point of view; but all flowers aren't saints, luckily, and what is divine in us is the awakening of anti-human action. What we are talking about here is a paper flower for the buttonhole of gentlemen who frequent the ball of masked life, the kitchen of grace, our white, lithe or fleshy girl cousins. They make a profit out of what we have selected. The contradiction and unity of opposing poles at the same time may be true. IF we are absolutely determined to utter this platitude, the appendix of a libidinous, evil-smelling morality. Morals have an atrophying effect, like every other pestilential product of the intelligence. Being governed by morals and logic has made it impossible for us to be anything other than impassive towards policemen – the cause of slavery – putrid rats with whom the bourgeois are fed up to the teeth, and who

have infected the only corridors of clear and clean glass that remained open to artists.

Let each man proclaim: there is a great negative work of destruction to be accomplished. We must sweep and clean. Affirm the cleanliness of the individual after the state of madness, aggressive complete madness of a world abandoned to the hands of bandits, who rend one another and destroy the centuries. Without aim or design, without organization: indomitable madness, decomposition. Those who are strong in words or force will survive, for they are quick in defence, the agility of limbs and sentiments flames on their faceted flanks.

Morality has determined charity and pity, two balls of fat that have grown like elephants, like planets, and are called good. There is nothing good about them. Goodness is lucid, clear and decided, pitiless toward compromise and politics. Morality is an injection of chocolate into the veins of all men. This task is not ordered by a supernatural force but by the trust of idea brokers and grasping academicians. Sentimentality: at the sight of a group of men quarrelling and bored, they invented the calendar and the medicament wisdom. With a sticking of labels the battle of the philosophers was set off (mercantilism, scales, meticulous and petty measures) and for the second time it was understood that pity is a sentiment like diarrhea in relation to the disgust that destroys health, a foul attempt by carrion corpses to compromise the sun. I proclaim the opposition of all cosmic faculties to this gonorrhea of a putrid sun issued from the factories of philosophical thought, I proclaim bitter struggle with all the weapons of –

DADAIST DISGUST

Every product of disgust capable of becoming a negation of the family is Dada; a protest with the fists of its whole being engaged in destructive action: Dada; knowledge of all the means rejected up until now by the shamefaced sex of comfortable compromise and good manners: **DADA**; abolition of logic, which is the dance of those impotent to create: **DADA**; of every social hierarchy and equation set up for the sake of values by our valets: **DADA**: every object, all objects, sentiments, obscurities, apparitions and the precise clash of parallel lines are weapons for the fight: **DADA**; abolition of memory: **DADA**; abolition of archaeology: **DADA**; abolition of prophets: **DADA**; abolition of the future: **DADA**; absolute and unquestionable faith in every god that is the immediate product of spontaneity: **DADA**; elegant and unprejudiced leap from a harmony to the other sphere; trajectory of a word tossed like a screeching phonograph record; to respect all individuals in their folly of the moment: whether it be serious, fearful, timid, ardent, vigorous, determined, enthusiastic; to divest one's church of every useless cumbersome accessory; to spit out disagreeable or amorous ideas like a luminous waterfall, or coddle them—with the extreme satisfaction that it doesn't matter in the least – with the same intensity in the thicket of core's soul pure of insects for blood well-born, and gilded with bodies of archangels. Freedom: **DADA DADA DADA**, a roaring of tense colors, and interlacing of opposites and of all contradictions, grotesques, inconsistencies: **LIFE**.

Are We Too Free? By Patrick Bruskiewich

{Full title: In the English Speaking World … Are We Too Free?}

About a dozen years ago medical scientists at Berkeley's Positron Emission Tomography lab, the home of P.E.T. in North America, undertook a tomography study of where in our brains we exercise, *free-will* and where in our brains we exercise *forced-will*. In their cognitive science study, using radiopharmaceuticals like FDG, the P.E.T. scientists determined that *free-will* and *forced-will* are exercised in different parts of our brains, ending in a definitive fashion a philosophical debate that goes back to at least the time of Socrates … Is *free-will* different than *forced-will*?

Why would I start an essay about freedom based on a medical study? Simply because we are organic machines made of organic materials. When we come into the world we have all the neurons we will ever use in our cognitive process, they have yet to be connected together with dendrites. Human physiology is such that a baby's head cannot exceed the girth of their mother's birth canal and to insure a chance for a safe, natural delivery for both mother and baby, the brain of a pre-born not only lacks any dendrites, but in the last two weeks or so of pregnancy the brain actively starts to disassemble millions of healthy and viable neurons to ensure that the longest trip of our lives, that from inside our mother's womb, to the outside world, a trip of many hours but only a dozen centimeters, can be accomplished.

So what does this have to do with freedom? Let me ask you a simple question to see if you have been paying attention. What connects up the dendrites in our brain? If you say that the direct and indirect experiences we encounter in our lives then you have understood the very foundation of freedom.

My view of the essentially meaning if freedom has evolved considerably over the past three decades, a period of time that spans the end of the Cold War. It also evolved from my reading of Sir Bertrand Russell's *History of Western Philosophy*, which chronicles much more than mere philosophy. It is also tempered by the Arendt's excellent History series as well as Winston Churchill's *History of the English Speaking Peoples*. Sure, there are other tomes as well, but none play such an important role in my thought processes as the tomes I have listed, not even the occasional piece of writing by Jean Paul Sartre or Albert Camus or George Orwell.

Freedom is ultimately a question of how we think about things and also about what we think about. It is also perhaps a question about nature and nurture. It is about what we are taught and who teaches us what we are taught. It is also about that inner dialogue that we all have about our day to day and even moment by moment decision making. Do I watch television or read a book? Do I sit in the couch or do I get up and clean the floor in the kitchen? Do I go out and be part of the solution of man's problems, or do I go out and riot? How much is freedom about nature and how much is this about nurture?

Freedom is also about motivation and culture. If you have it too easy you don't know what work means, and if you have it too difficult you don't know

what it means to take a vacation, and take it easy. And what does culture really mean … it is about cultivation. Culture is merely something that is cultivated in society. It is an outlook that may or may not have intrinsic merit. Being a neo-primitive in the modern world is an example of a culture with little intrinsic merit.

I had a friend visit me over the Christmas holidays from Japan and the one over-riding question she had was why people don't clean up after themselves here in Vancouver? No person in Japan would toss a discarded wrapper into anything other than a garbage bin. It is just a matter of culture for them. Maybe it begins with Canadian mothers not being able to get their children to pick up after themselves because of influences outside the household … they know their hard working mother will do that for them, so why bother?

For over a year now I have been insisting that a curmudgeon who takes the bus here and hops on without paying his fare be held to follow the rules. Sure he is free to try to ride the bus for free, but the rest of us are free to ask he walk home instead. And there were the numerous occasions of his unfair fare avoidance a few steps over from the Legion, after a day of him drinking to excess and reeking like a cheap liqueur bottle. He doesn't do anything other than hang out at a bar stool at the Legion and avoid an earnest day of work. I wouldn't mind it have badly if he had served the Crown and was a veteran, but even there he a freeloader too. He was a bean counter and the greatest risk he ever encountered was a paper cut. I had to put this whole matter on the desk of the mayor, and higher ups before the riot act was read to the curmudgeon. They now have him on a very short leash.

Is this a different type of freedom, or is this his narcissisms gone amok? When I explained the situation to my friend visiting from Tokyo she simply asked why crooks like this wasn't forced to do a decent day's work cleaning up other people's trash?

Then there are the toads who sit at bus stops smoking stogies or cigarettes. Time and time again they are told the bylaw says **no smoking at bus stops**! But hell, they say they are free willed and can do what they damn well please. Last week one of these toads sat at a bus stop smoking his cheap smoky and smelly Nicaraguan cigar, terrorizing a half dozen elder women who had to wait half a block up for their buses. I happen to be walking to the bank to deposit my pay cheque. Seeing what was happening I stopped and told the man there is no smoking at bus stops here. He swore at me and told me to mind my own business … and a few other choice words. So I politely asked the man to put his cigar out. He called me a son of a bitch …

I smiled and explained the reason why we don't let people smoke at bus stops is because many people who live in this community are elderly and have cardiovascular problems and asthma. Reason did not prevail with the toad. He swore like a trouper and so I swept the cigar out of his hand and into the gutter. That pushed his buttons and he was about to get up when I pointed at him and said "if the Queen calls me sir … so can you. By the way my mother was not a bitch, she was Catholic, married and she was kind and considerate woman. You ever call my mother a son of a bitch again and watch what will happen." I then used a trick I once learned, to stand so close to the overweight

toad that he could not lift himself off the bus bench. By this time the six women were gathered around me and one was holding her cell phone saying she was about to dial 911 and have him arrested …

His only response to all this "I am free to smoke where ever I want to." In one unified voice the six women said "no you are not … You cannot smoke at bus stops!" Surrounded by the appreciative women I look down at the man and reminded him that "this was the second time I have asked him not to smoke his cigars at the bus stop." He uttered a rather foul expletive (in mixed company I may add) and so I simply said to him "I am an old naval officer trained by a fellow who served with the Special Air Service … next time I will save the cigar and throw you in the gutter …"

I turned and walked away. The toad followed me into the bank and started to swear at me. I pointed to the camera and said to him he is now on record here at the bank and that if he has not disappeared by the time I leave the bank I will have him arrested for uttering a threat. There were three other people in the room whose jaws had hit the floor because of the toad's foul threat … He was gone when I left the bank. I suspect one evening when I least expect it he will reappear and play out his *fantasmagorical* narcissism. If that happens, I don't want to but I might have to toss him in the gutter, and save the cigar ...

Our perceived individual freedoms do sometime abut on the freedoms of others. We need to remember this and be mindful of our responsibilities to others.

We are free in most of the English speaking world but are we perhaps too free? We have a good life. However, most seem to look after ourselves as individuals, pure and simple, when in fact we cannot live as islands, as John Donne so eloquently said many centuries ago. We rely on the hard work and sometimes the generosity of others and to be fair and equitable we must be prepared to work for and be generous to others. There is no free ride in the bus known as life. That is how the whole freedom thing really sorts itself out.

What is the adage … when *much is given to us … much is expected from us*?

I live in Vancouver which is close to being the narcissist capitol of Canada. If there are people who can take a free ride in life you will find more per square kilometer here in Vancouver than anywhere else in Canada, and perhaps anywhere else in the English speaking corners of the world.

There is no irony on my measure of things to also see that we are considered the least happy metropolis in Canada. It is clearly a reflection of the narcissism of the place. We don't care about our neighbours (in fact we don't even take the time to learn their first names) and hell, in return they don't care about us either. That is the ultimate freedom, and so to escape their unhappiness we light a joint (a never touch the stuff, because I am happy with the brain I have and don't need to alter its neurochemistry … and besides I suffer from asthma) and they escape their reality completely. Puff … puff … putzh …

When it comes to the modern age, and in particular the science and technology we need to be 21st century citizens of the world, the neo-primitive seems to be the norm here. Hard work is frowned upon and well … the average Jill and Joe here in Vancouver would be happy to live in the 19th century were it not for the distractions they have become accustomed to. Ah … but they are free!

I sometimes play a game called *1968*. I ask strangers I meet at a gathering or party what they think was the most important thing that happened in 1968. You can tell a great deal about a person by asking such a simple question. If they are an activist it is the riots in Paris or perhaps the Tet offensive. If they have a conscience it is the assassination of Robert Kennedy. The cynical says it was the Chicago riots and the election of Richard Nixon, later to be impeached of course.

Well … for me I think that it was Apollo 8 going to the moon and back, and bringing the world hope in a dreadfully disturbing year. That is my *free-will* acting and not *forced-will*. But then again I am a romantic at heart and enjoy the beauty of Zeferelli's 1968 film *Romeo and Juliet*. I disregard the other films done by Olivia Hussey.

To jump to the present, I freely admit I haven't read or seen any of the Harry Potter books or films, but then again I am free to call the books brain fungus and the films popcorn (popular and corny). I don't need to escape into fantasy to enjoy life … life is enjoyable all on its own.

You see I am a free man, free to choose how to spend my time and who to spend it with. It is because of this I have reached the conclusion that in the English speaking world we are too free. We are free to not take notice of what the Archbishop of Canterbury has describes as Ethnic Cleansing and a Genocide, instead deciding to hide ourselves away in some fantasy world of magic wands and flying broomsticks and be harry potheads.

But we are oh so free to ask what will come of us the day that no one stops to help us when we are down and out, on the street and need their help. They will simple say I am free to ignore you and let you suffer. What's it to me? Get a job mack …

I am the kind of Catholic to open my wallet and hand them a twenty …

Pictorial: Undiscovered Country …

Kitan Poetry

Cradled Pamphlet by Salvador Dali

Perduring pamphlet
unjustly refusing
a cup
any portuguese cup
that is made nowadays
in a plate factory
because a cup
resembles by its shape
a gentle municipal arab antimony
set up at the reaches of the neighbourhood
like the glance of my lovely Gala
the glance of my lovely Gala
smell of a morning band
like the epithelial tissue of my lovely Gala
her clownish lamplighter's epithelial tissue
yes I will repeat it a thousand times
Perduring pamphlet
unjustly refusing
a cup
any portuguese cup
that is made nowadays
in a plate factory
because a cup
resembles by its shape

a gentle municipal arab antimony
set up at the reaches of the neighbourhood
like the glance of my lovely Gala
the glance of my lovely Gala
smell of a morning band
like the epithelial tissue of my lovely Gala
her clownish lamplighter's epithelial tissue

Pictorial: Ceci n'est pas un elephant …

The Very Image by Rene Magritte

An image of my grandmother
her head appearing upside-down upon a cloud
the cloud transfixed on the steeple
of a deserted railway-station
far away
An image of an aqueduct
with a dead crow hanging from the first arch
a modern-style chair from the second
a fir-tree lodged in the third
and the whole scene sprinkled with snow
An image of the piano-tuner
with a basket of prawns on his shoulder
and a firescreen under his arm
his moustache made of clay-clotted twigs
and his cheeks daubed with wine
An image of an aeroplane
the propellor is rashers of bacon
the wings are of reinforced lard
the tail is made of paper-clips
the pilot is a wasp
An image of the painter
with his left hand in a bucket
and his right hand stroking a cat
as he lies in bed

with a stone beneath his head
And ail these images
and many others
are arranged like waxworks
in model bird-cages
about six inches high.

Kitan Art

Fifty Girls' First Thoughts after Seeing an Erection

Girls, what did you think when you saw an erect penis for the first time?

1. I was eight and my younger brother let me and our younger sister sneak a peek. When we saw what he looked like we couldn't stop giggling.

2. 'Before I saw one I'd assumed a penis became erect still pointing down. I'd never seen any pictures, I imagined that sex would be an awkward encounter. When I was fourteen I saw my first erection and it was pointing straight up. It was a boy in my class who had come to my birthday party. We were playing truth or dare and he chose dare. He had to stand up and show us girls his penis. "Ohhhhhh that totally makes sense now!"'

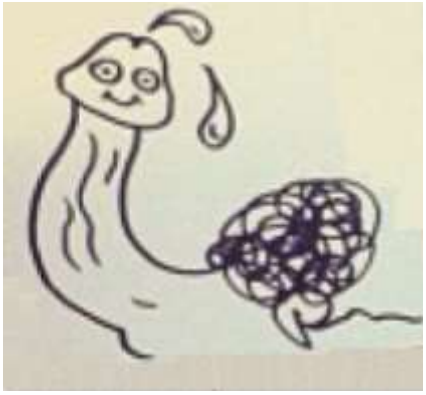
3. ‘I was confused because the typical boy drawings in biology books are very misleading. Before, I always thought that boy’s balls were in two separate sacks. Now I have seen the real thing and know how it is for real!

Herbert List, Little Brother, 1953

4. It was when I was thirteen. My parents let me babysit my next door neighbor’s 5 year old daughter and one year old son for a few hours as they went out for a romantic evening. They told me the baby had been fed and changed and he would sleep through the night. At around ten he started to cry and his sister got up and told me ‘I will have to change him.’ I had never changed a baby’s diapers before. Lucky for me he had just peed. My mother

had to come over and show me how to do this. OMG … so that's what a boy looks like. It was then that my mother sat me down and told me about the birds and the bees for the second time. I had been having my period for some time and so it was time for her to tell me the other half of the story … all about boys. Then she left me there all by myself, imaging what boys do to girls. So … I went to have another look. It seemed so small and so soft. His little sis 'caught me in the act.' I was so embarrassed. Then she did sometime I will never forget. She took her little finger and ran it up and down his penis and voila … it was no longer small and soft. Then she turned to me and said …"I know he likes that … isn't it beautiful!' I let her stay up until her parents got home … in case the baby cried again.

5. 'When I was 18, I walked in on my roommate's naked boyfriend. It was summer and he was taking a nap, naked on her bed. When I saw his thing sticking out, I thought, how is **that** going to fit inside me?!'"



6. 'I grew up with five older and very protective brothers. I had seen their 'boners' more time than you can imagine. It was interesting to see how different they all are. Girls are all different too. One time when we were camping they decided to put the fire out 'a boy's way.' I was twelve at the

time and watched in amazement. They were all drunk on beer and didn't know I was watching. They thought I was fast asleep in my tent. Boys will be boys! '

7. 'My thought process went a little something like 'OMG I'm at least somewhat sexually arousing. I like this penis. Wait… he shaved. He was expecting this. I wanna touch it. Yup, this thing is great. And so soft. I have no idea what to do. Yup, this is fun.' Dicks are awesome.'

8. 'Hey, as I watched it … it got much bigger!'

9. 'It looks like a creature from a horror film protruding from his crotch.'

10. 'Is that supposed to be hot? If so, I think it might be broken.'

11. 'I thought it would be way further down, like where a vagina is.'

12.'It really does look like a lollipop, but it sure doesn't taste like one!'

13. 'Wait, is that what a boner is?'

14. 'Huh. So that's why I like girls more.'

15. I saw my baby brother's penis when I was a kid, if that counts. "WHAT IS THAT? WHY IS HE SO DIFFERENT?"

16. I thought it looked strange, then wondered what I was supposed to do with it. (I knew about the existence of hand-jobs and blowjobs, but I had no

idea how to give one. And being a virgin, I wasn't quite ready for sex.) And it felt nothing like I had expected. I expected it to be softer …

17. Having a vagina all my life, I assumed that penises were in the exact same spot (ie between the legs) rather than a few inches below the belly button, where a girl's pubic bone would normally be. Obviously I hadn't considered the logistics of how sex works, but it was a crazy moment of discovery that everything I thought I knew about penises was wrong. Also, I still think they look funny. Here's a cartoon I drew about '*them*!'

18. I laughed. Not cruelly, but penises are funny-looking and it was flaccid cos we were just gonna shower with our swim suits on and he just whipped it out when I wasn't expecting it. Looked hilarious, plus I was pretty nervous and had a 16 year old girl's reaction to a wild penis randomly appearing.

19. I have older and younger brothers (I'm a girl), so a penis wasn't actually news to me. That being said, this comment was painfully accurate for a first time, although as I kept my poker face, I don't think it counts… Does it?

20. What could qualify as a genuine first reaction was when I saw a circumcised penis for the first time. I was like "Hah, that must hurt…". I made

the poor guy self-conscious for a bit (he thought I was referring to the scar), but then I explained I was actually referring to the glans being directly exposed to everything. I mean, I can't help but think how bad it'd feel if I didn't have my clit hood and tried to put on panties.

21. My first 'real-life' penis was a little small which was kind of nice because it was less intimidating than I had anticipated and I could fit the entire thing into my vagina. It was surprisingly firm and… like it had a life of its own. I didn't expect how much the throbbing would excite me.

22. My first reaction: good lord, how do you guys walk around with those things? Today it is much the same question.

23. First time I saw a penis in person, I was like "huh, that's bigger than expected and looks way simpler than a vagina". It was a pretty average-sized penis. It took some practice and research to figure out what kind of touching feels best. Also, I kept having to hold back nervous giggles over having an actual penis in my hand. I never thought a negative thing about it, but I'm sure laughing wouldn't have gone over well, regardless of any explanation.

24. The first time I saw another person's vagina was mind-blowing. I was all "holy shit, I have one of these and I had no idea." I didn't know the first thing about where my own clitoris was, but they're like mini-cocks, they're tough to miss. I also had basically never stuck anything in my own vagina before (barring the penis mentioned above) and found that it was not located as high up as I thought it would be, and it felt all sorts of interesting and bumpy inside. (And I very quickly learned that I needed to keep my fingernails short if I intended to go on touching vaginas.)

25. I was older, more experienced, and less nervous during vagina-time than penis-time, but I was still basically naive and clueless about how bodies vary and how pleasure works. I spent a lot of time just exploring and figuring things

out before anything actually got sexy, which was ultimately well worth the time for both of us.

26. The first time I really got to inspect a penis in person … One of the more surprising things was seeing that testicles actually ascend upward and disappear at various times… (like right before ejaculation.) Sometimes he'd be about to cum and I would slow down and then push on the area right above his penis and his balls would go back down into the sack.

27. Internal dialogue: "Ok, there it is. It's exactly what it should look like….I think? Actually it's kinda gross. I don't really want to touch it. But I should offer to touch it. To not touch it would be rude. I'll just prod it gently. Why is he looking at me like I'm crazy? What…did he say grab it and squeeze? WTF I thought this was the most sensitive part of a dude's body! Won't that hurt him?!? I hope he doesn't try to grab and squeeze any parts of me like this. OK OW HE SUSPECTS MY ANATOMY IS RESILIENT TO EQUAL PRESSURE OW. How do I tell him to stop without being rude? Ow. I guess I'll just wait for it to be over and next time I'll tell…oh wait, that was it?"

28. In a sexual sense, I've always thought the penis and testicles look funny. I mean, it's a sausage and a squishy sack of balls hanging outside of your body that basically has a mind of it's own. On many occasions, I have asked my close male friends if they ever sit on themselves or if they smack against their legs when they wear shorts. I've also asked if they just spin it around like a helicopter dick sometimes. Having a penis for a dude I know is as normal as having an arm but to me it's just so alien.

29. oh man this is awful but he was (very) small…. the first time I saw the whole thing I distinctly remember thinking "is that it?" on the flip side – the second guy I was ever with is probably only average sized but in compared to

the first guy he looked like he had Hagrid's hardest boner. My eyes were the size of saucers when he popped that beautiful cock out the first time.

30. I think I was around 10ish when I saw my brother's. I literally screamed then wanted to see more penises. My brother told all his friends and by the end of the months I had seen a dozen! Wow … what a month!

31. I was sixteen at the time. It was actually a friend's and we weren't doing anything but just goofing off and flashing each other. I was surprised by how long it was. Looking back, he was probably 7 or 8 inches. Maybe because it was the first but I don't think I've ever seen a penis that long in person since.

32. I thought it was pretty cool. It wasn't as ugly as I feared, and I was so impressed that he could make it twitch. It was fun, and the head was a lot squishier than I expected. It was really weird but in a really good way.

33. I used to be terrified of penises. I didn't have brothers and I grew up super sheltered, not seeing a one eyed willy until I was already eight and ten years of age. Like even seeing my boyfriend getting a boner through his jeans freaked me out. Good ole anxiety. Now my current boyfriends dick can cuddle up to my vagina and I wouldn't even blush.

34. "I was most surprised about how velvety soft penises are, and THEY CAN MOVE!?!?!? Seriously, I stopped, sat up, and stared at his penis demanding he make it twitch because I actually couldn't believe what I was seeing."

35. "Being a girl I know there's only a small space between my clitoris and rectum, but for a guy it is smooth all the way from to his penis to his rectum … it's weird I always look for another opening a vagina but there's never going to be one."

36. “That guys don’t have two sacks. I thought the first guy I went down on only had one ball. Didn’t know they weren’t in separate sacks.”

37. “How the skin on scrotum move, like, when the balls are lowering or retracting I guess. It still blows my mind. It looks like a deep-sea mollusk. I remember the first time I got a really close, well-lit look at my boyfriend’s ball sack as the skin on it gracefully shifted in many directions at once. I was so awestruck by its independent motions. I had no idea that any part of a human body could move in this otherworldly manner.

38. The first experience I had with balls changed my life; I was like a caveman discovering fire. “How much fun the balls can be! Yeah, sure, the cock was awesome but the balls fascinated me coz they reminded me of squishy stress balls. You could see them moving around while he stayed motionless! I swear

the first experience I had with balls changed my life; I was like a caveman discovering fire."

39. "How goofy it looks. I can't imagine why guys send dick pics. Why would you want to show off something that looks so ridiculous? Seriously, just because it feels nice doesn't mean it's sexy to look at. I mean, I'm sure vaginas aren't very pretty either, but I don't hear complaints about unwanted vagina pics."

40. "How hard penises get and how floppy and silly they are when soft. It just blows my mind they go from practically mush to a hard-on in 10 seconds. How soft dick is…Other parts of men skin is rough or callous but somehow. Dick is fucking baby-skin soft. I was like woahhhh! O___O"

41. "They're always yanking on these things like they're gonna rip them clean off, then when I touch it, it feels so damn delicate and I'm told to be gentle…."

42. "This is dumb but I was surprised at what balls actually looked like. Because of the drawings of penises that people always drew, I assumed there were two little sacks of testicles hanging of either side of the penis, not one sack with two testicles in them, if that makes sense."

43. “My first time was a game of I’ll show you mine if you show me yours when I was around 5 years old. The boy was not circumcised. 12 years later, I was losing my virginity. The boy was circumcised. I had no idea what circumcision was, so I assumed that the difference in appearance was due to some sort of change that happens due to puberty. The next 3 dicks I saw were all circumcised. Until, the 4th dick I saw was uncircumcised. I didn’t want to embarrass him by mentioning it and spent months believing that he had an adult-sized child dick. I privately wondered what went wrong with his puberty. One day after we broke up, I mentioned it to a girlfriend, and was educated on circumcision. Felt like an idiot.”

44. “Penises are so soft! And velvety. And fun to play with. I once saw my baby brother’s thingy. He had a buried one. And they had to do surgery to draw it out. I did not know he was not ‘normal’ when I saw it for the first time. My mother had plunked him into the bath with me (I was four at the time). I thought all boys looked like that. Then I saw him after his surgery and realized that they had to give his little thingy a pull to take it out of its hiding place. Now he is a happy two year old and sometimes runs around with nothing, on proud of who he now is.

45. “Have you ever just watched balls relax and contract while your boyfriend is lying down after sex? It’s so fascinating. I just want to poke them and play with them. The first time I touched an erect penis was through my ex’s skinny jeans when I was 14. It actually felt like wood! Freaked me right out.”

46. “The size difference between soft and hard dick. It went from ‘huh, cute, slightly disappointing, kinda looks like a pear’ to ‘oh’ to ‘that is SO not gonna fit’ really fast.”

47. “Penises are really really gross and ugly. To the point where I almost can’t have sex with the lights on because they freak me out.”

48. If you asked me would I want a penis, can I ask whether boys would want a vagina … blood once a month and all that. Maybe I might want to stick a penis on my body and try it out for a month. I wonder what it’s like to push instead or being pushed around.

49. I wish boys could walk around with their penises hanging out. Then we girls could pick for ourselves, rather then the other way around.

50. If I had one … I would spend my entire day playing with it. We girls play with ourselves more often than you can imagine. Do boys spend their days playing with their penises … of course they do.

So do Girls …

I bet it must be fun!

Female Preferences … Women Prefer Circumcised Men …

In a survey where women were asked to rate their preferences when it came to different forms of sexual activity, a substantial majority of women overwhelmingly preferred men who were circumcised;

For Intercourse: 71 percent preferred circumcised men while only 6 percent said they preferred uncircumcised men;

For Fellatio: 82 percent said they preferred a circumcised penis while 2 percent said they preferred an uncircumcised partner; and

For Manual Stimulation: 75 percent favored circumcised partners compared with 5 percent who reported a preference for uncircumcised men.

In addition, 76 percent said circumcised penises were more attractive while only 4 percent said they preferred the look of an uncircumcised penis; a whopping 90 percent said the circumcised penis looked "sexier;" 85 percent said it felt nicer to the touch; and 92 percent said they felt it was cleaner.

Even women who had never had a circumcised partner said they preferred the way a circumcised penis looks. In another survey of 1,000 women, only 3 percent said they preferred the look of an uncircumcised penis.

Pictorial: How does one plug her in?

Orphée

Admirez le pouvoir insigne
Et la noblesse de la ligne :
Elle est la voix que la lumière fit entendre
Et dont parle Hermès Trismégiste en son Pimandre.

Admire the badge of power
And the nobility of the line:
She is the voice that the light made heard
And of which Hermes Trismegistus speaks in his Pimandre.

La Tortue

Du Thrace magique, ô délire!
Mes doigts sûrs font sonner la lyre.
Les animaux passent aux sons
De ma tortue, de mes chansons.

Magical Thrace, O delirium!
My sure fingers sound the lyre.
Animals stop to listen to the sounds
Of my turtle lyre and of my songs.

Le Cheval

Mes durs rêves formels sauront te chevaucher,
Mon destin au char d'or sera ton beau cocher
Qui pour rênes tiendra tendus à frénésie,
Mes vers, les parangons de toute poésie.

In my deepest dreams I will know how to ride you,
My destiny in the gold chariot will be your wonderful coachman
Who will hold your reins stretched to frenzy,
My verses, the paragons of all poetry.

La Chèvre du Thibet

Les poils de cette chèvre et même
Ceux d'or pour qui prit tant de peine
Jason, ne valent rien au prix
Des cheveux dont je suis épris.

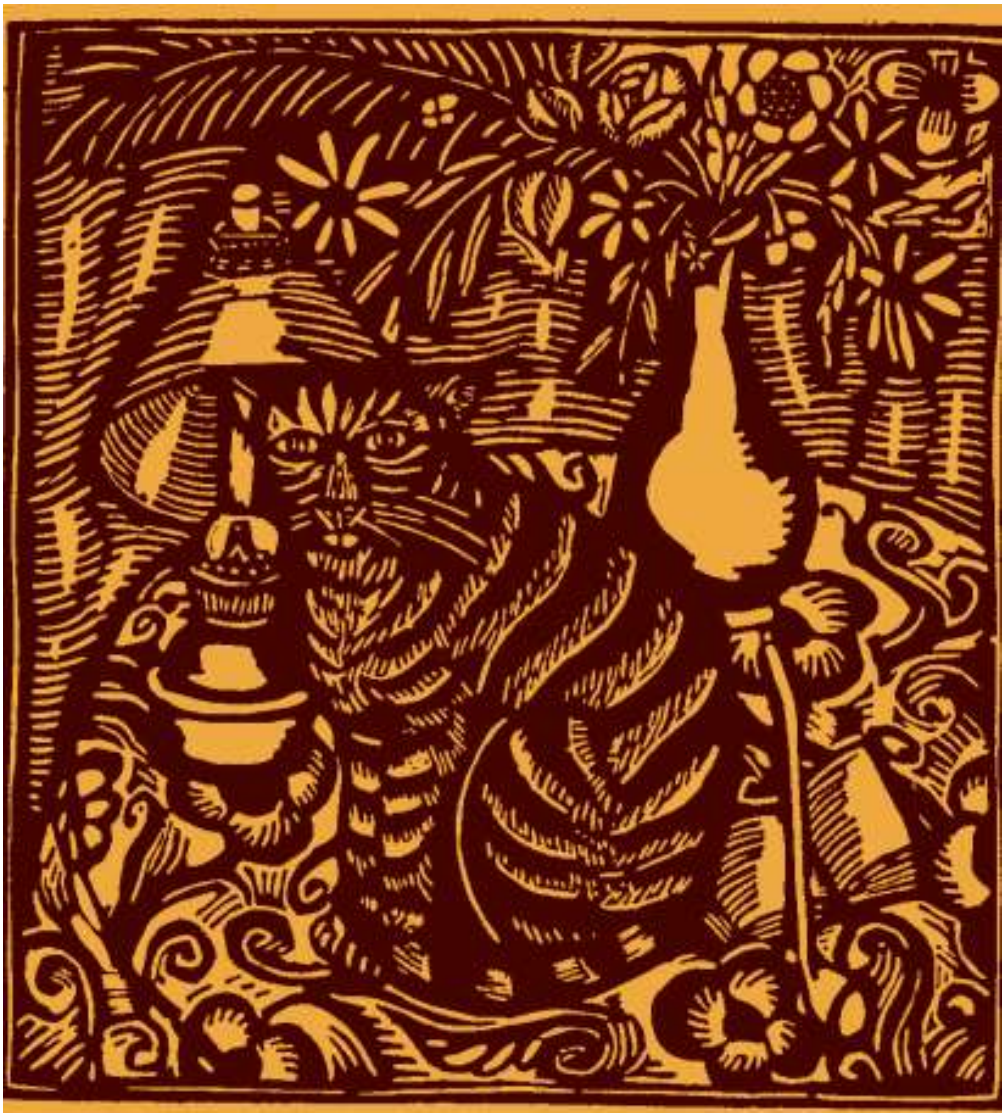
The hair of this goat, and even
that of gold for which Jason made such an effort,
is worth nothing when compared to the value
of the hair with which I am in love.

Le Serpent

Tu t'acharnes sur la beauté.
Et quelles femmes ont été
Victimes de ta cruauté!
Ève, Eurydice, Cléopâtre;
J'en connais encor trois ou quatre.

You are obsessed with beauty.
And what women have been
Victims of your cruelty!
Eve, Eurydice, Cleopatra;
I still know three or four of them.

Le Chat



Je souhaite dans ma maison:
Une femme ayant sa raison,
Un chat passant parmi les livres,
Des amis en toute saison
Sans les quels je ne peux pas vivre.

I wish in my house:
A woman having her reason,
A cat passing among the books,
Friends in all seasons
Without which I cannot live.

Le Lion

O lion, malheureuse image
Des rois chus lamentablement,
Tu ne sais maintenant qu'en cage
A Hambourg, chez les Allemands.

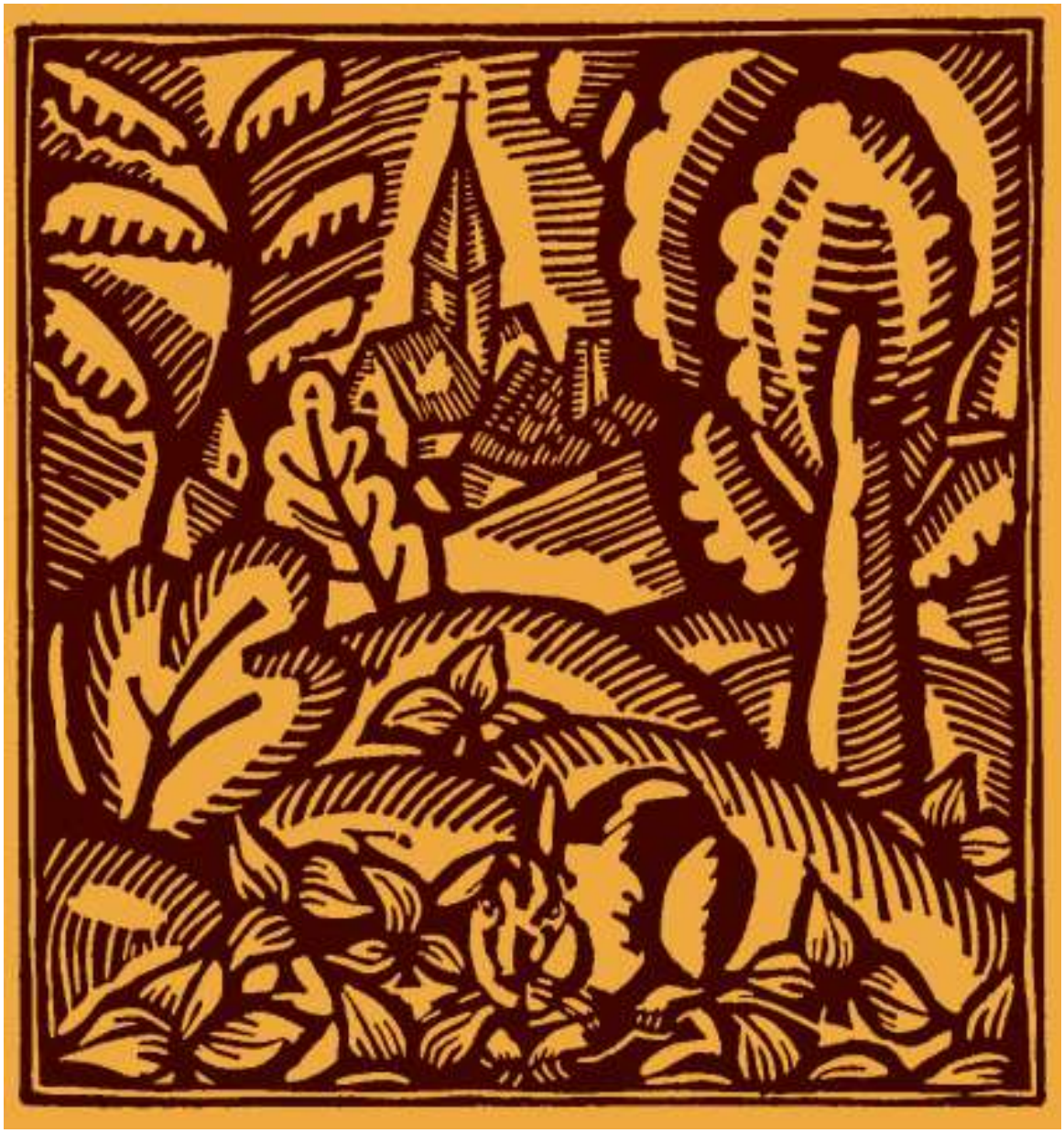
O lion, unhappy image
Such a sad fallen kings,
You now only know a cage
In Hamburg, among the Germans.

Le Lièvre

Ne sois pas lascif et peureux
Comme le lièvre et l'amoureux.
Mais que toujours ton cerveau soit
La hase pleine qui conçoit.

Don't be lascivious and fearful
Like the hare and the lover.
But always let your brain be
Free to run about.

Le Lapin



Je connais un autre connin
Que tout vivant je voudrais prendre.
Sa garenne est parmi le thym
Des vallons du pays de Tendre.

I know another damned animal
That while alive I would like to take.
His warren is among the thyme
Valleys of the land of Tendre.

Le Dromadaire

Avec ses quatre dromadaires
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Courut le monde et l'admira.
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire
Si j'avais quatre dromadaires

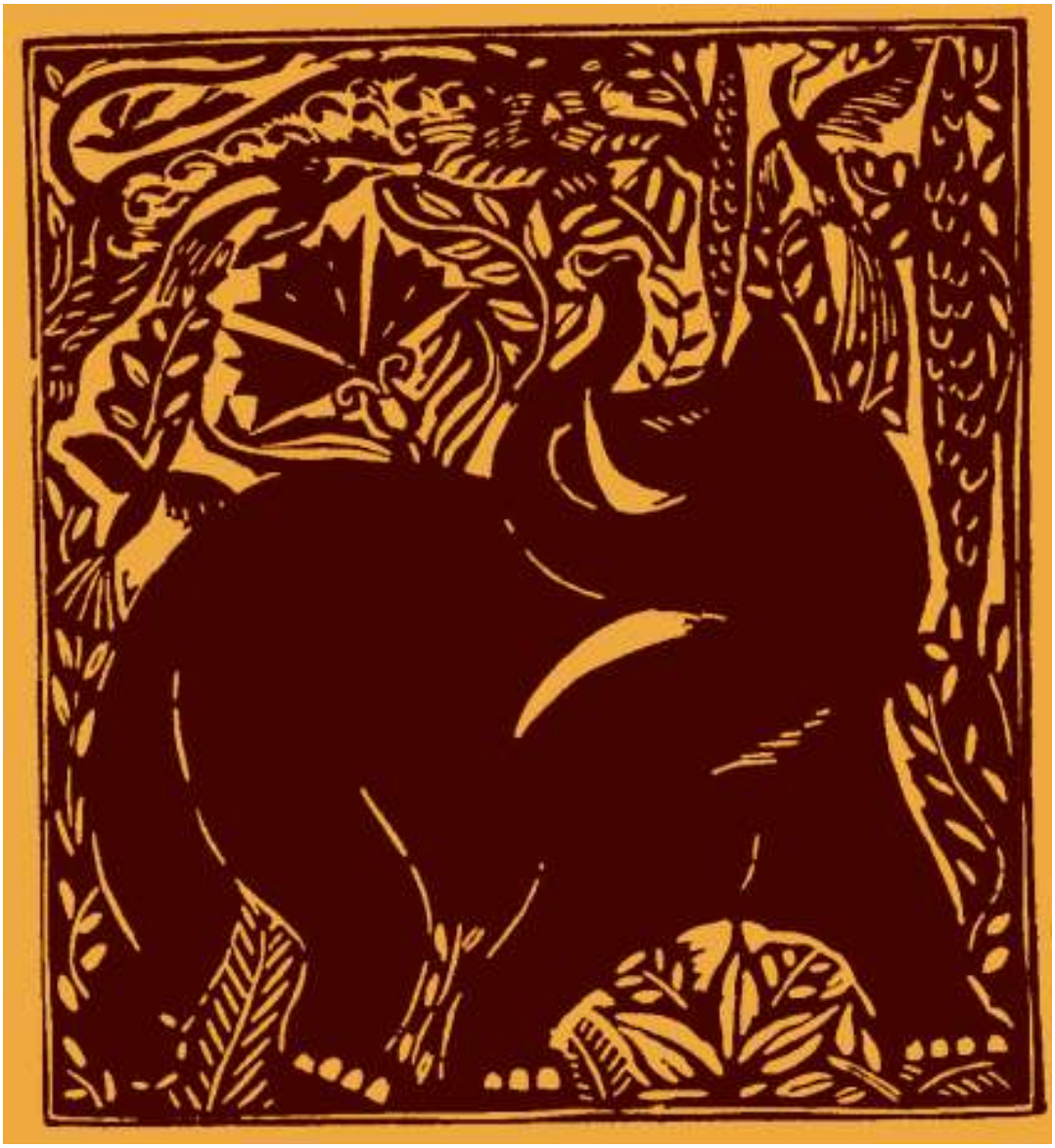
With his four dromedaries
Don Pedro of Alfaroubeira
wandered throughout the world and admired it.
He did what I would wish to do
if I had four dromedaries.

La Souris

Belles journées, souris du temps,
Vous rongez peu à peu ma vie.
Dieu! Je vais avoir vingt-huit ans,
Et mal vécus, à mon envie.

Beautiful days, mice of time,
You are eating away at my life little by little.
God! I'm going to be twenty-eight …
Having badly lived but to my liking.

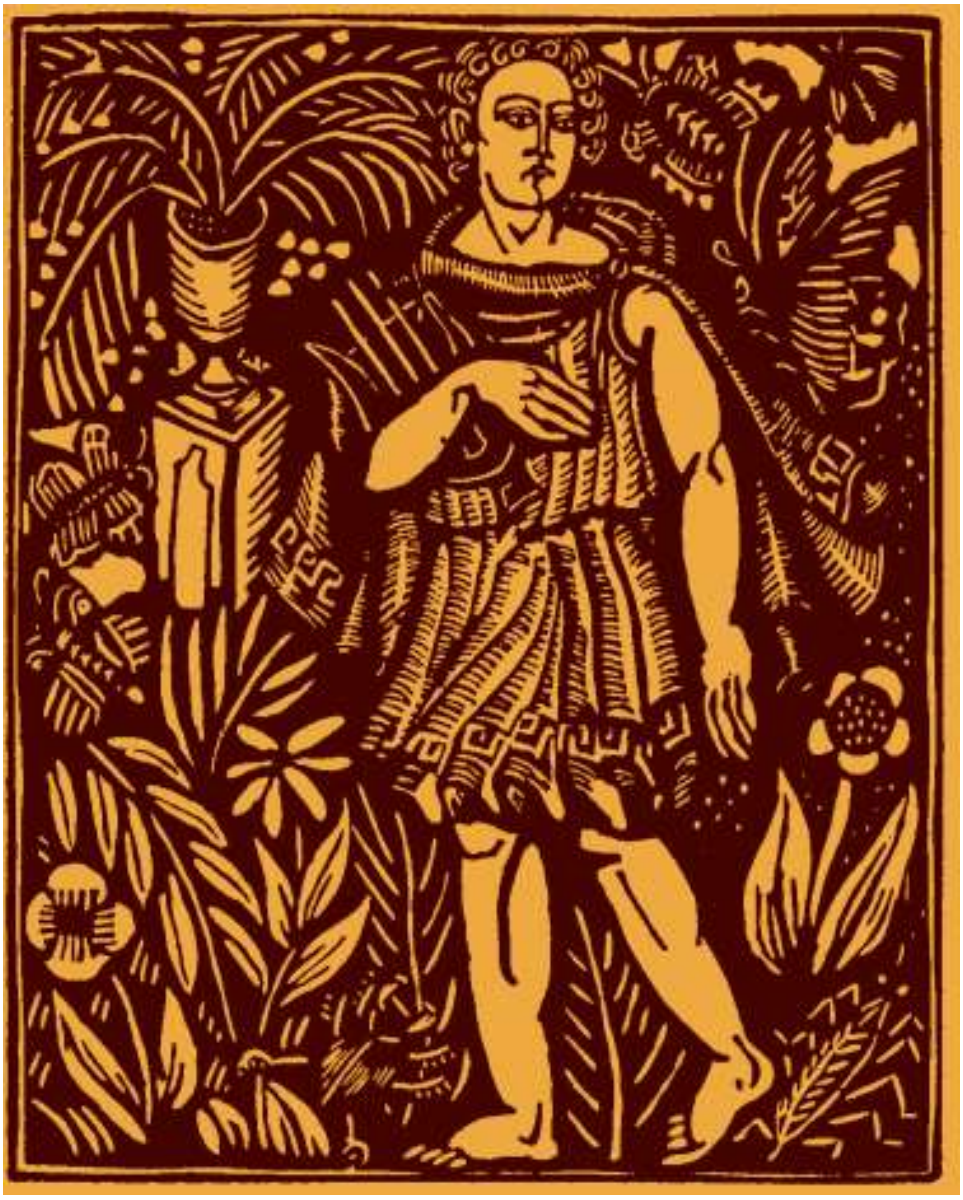
L' Éléphant



Comme un éléphant son ivoire,
J'ai en bouche un bien précieux.
Pourpre mort!… J'achète ma gloire
Au prix des mots mélodieux.

Like an elephant its ivory,
I have a precious good in my mouth.
Purple dead!… I buy my glory
At the cost of melodious words.

Orphée



Regardez cette troupe infecte
Aux mille pattes, au cent yeux:
Rotifères, cirons, insectes
Et microbes plus merveilleux
Que les sept merveilles du monde
Et le palais de Rosemonde!

Look at this revolting troupe
With a thousand legs, a hundred eyes:
Rotifers, mites, insects
And more wonderful microbes
Like the seven wonders of the world
And the Rosemonde Palace!

La Chenille

Le travail mène à la richesse.
Pauvres poètes, travaillons!
La chenille en peinant sans cesse
Devient le riche papillon.

Work leads to wealth.
Poor poets, let's work!
The caterpillar toiling incessantly
Become the rich butterfly.

La Mouche

Nos mouches savent des chansons
Que leur apprirent en Norvège
Les mouches ganiques qui sont
Les divinités de la neige.

Our flies know songs
What did they learn in Norway
Ganic flies that are
Snow deities.

La Puce

Puces, amis, amantes même,
Qu'ils sont cruels ceux qui nous aiment!
Tout notre sang coule pour eux.
Les bien-aimés sont malheureux.

Fleas, friends, even lovers,
How cruel are those who love us!
All our blood flows for them.
Beloveds are unhappy.

La Sauterelle

Voici la fine sauterelle,
La nourriture de saint Jean.
Puissent mes vers être comme elle,
Le régal des meilleures gens.

Here is the fragile grasshopper,
the nourishment of Saint John.
May my verses be like it:
a treat for the very best people.

Orphée

Que ton cœur soit l'appât et le ciel, la piscine!
Car, pêcheur, quel poisson d'eau douce ou bien marine
Egale-t-il, et par la forme et la saveur,
Ce beau poisson divin qu'est *JÉSUS*, Mon sauveur?

Le Dauphin

Dauphins, vous jouez dans la mer,
Mais le flot est toujours amer.
Parfois, ma joie éclate-t-elle?
La vie est encore cruelle

Dolphins, you play in the sea,
yet the waves are still bitter.
Does my joy ever burst out?
Life is still cruel.

Le Poulpe

Jetant son encre vers les cieux,
Suçant le sang de ce qu'il aime
Et le trouvant délicieux,
Ce monstre inhumain, c'est moi-même

Throwing his ink to the skies,
sucking the blood of what he loves
And finding it delicious,
This inhuman monster is myself.

La Méduse

Méduses, malheureuses têtes
Aux chevelures violettes
Vous vous plaisez dans les tempêtes,
Et je m'y plais comme vous faites.

Jellyfish, unfortunate heads
With purple hair
You delight in storms,
And I like it … like you do.

L' Écrevisse

Incertitude, ô mes délices
Vous et moi nous nous en allons
Comme s'en vont les écrevisses,
À reculons, à reculons.

Uncertainty, Oh my delicacies
you and I, we move about
as crayfish move about
,backwards, backwards.

La Carpe

Dans vos viviers, dans vos étangs,
Carpes, que vous vivez longtemps!
Est-ce que la mort vous oublie,
Poissons de la mélancolie.

In your moats, in your ponds,
carp, how long you live!
Has death forgotten you,
fish of melancholy?

Orphée

La femelle de l'alcyon,
L'Amour, les volantes Sirènes,
Savent de mortelles chansons
Dangereuses et inhumaines.
N'oyez pas ces oiseaux maudits,
Mais les Anges du paradis.

The female of the Halcyon,
Love, the flying Sirens,
know deadly songs
Dangerous and inhuman.
Don't listen to those cursed birds,
Instead listen to the Angels of Heaven.

Les Sirènes

Saché-je d'où provient,
Sirènes, votre ennui
Quand vous vous lamentez, au large, dans la nuit?
Mer, je suis comme toi, plein de voix machinées
Et mes vaisseaux chantants se nomment les années.

Do I know where it comes from,
Sirens, your boredom
When you lament, off, in the night?
Sea, I'm like you, full of engineered voices
And my singing vessels are called years.

La Colombe

Colombe, l'amour et l'esprit
Qui engendrâtes Jésus-Christ,
Comme vous j'aime une Marie.
Qu'avec elle je me marie.

Dove, love and the spirit
Who fathered Jesus Christ,
Like you, I love a Mary.
That I will to marry her.

Le Paon

En faisant la roue, cet oiseau,
Dont le pennage traîne à terre,
Apparaît encore plus beau,
Mais se découvre le derrière.

Cartwheeling, this Peacock,
Whose plumage drags on the ground,
Appears even more beautiful,
But I discover what’s behind its feathers.

Le Hibou

Mon pauvre coeur est un hibou
Qu'on cloue, qu'on décloue, qu'on recloue.
De sang, d'ardeur, il est à bout.
Tous ceux qui m'aiment, je les loue.

My poor heart is an owl
My heart opens, it unlock, then relocks.
Such blood, ardor, my poor heart is exhausted.
All those who love me, I praise them.

Ibis

Oui, j'irai dans l'ombre terreuse
Ô mort certaine, ainsi soit-il!
Latin mortel, parole affreuse,
Ibis, oiseau des bords du Nil.

Yes, I will go in the earthy shadow
O certain death, so be it!
Deadly Latin, awful speech,
Ibis, bird of the banks of the Nile.

Le Boeuf

Ce chérubin dit la louange
Du paradis, où, près des anges,
Nous revivrons, mes chers amis,
Quand le bon Dieu l'aura permis.

This cherub speaks praise
From paradise, where, near the angels,
We will live again, my dear friends,
When the good Lord allows it.

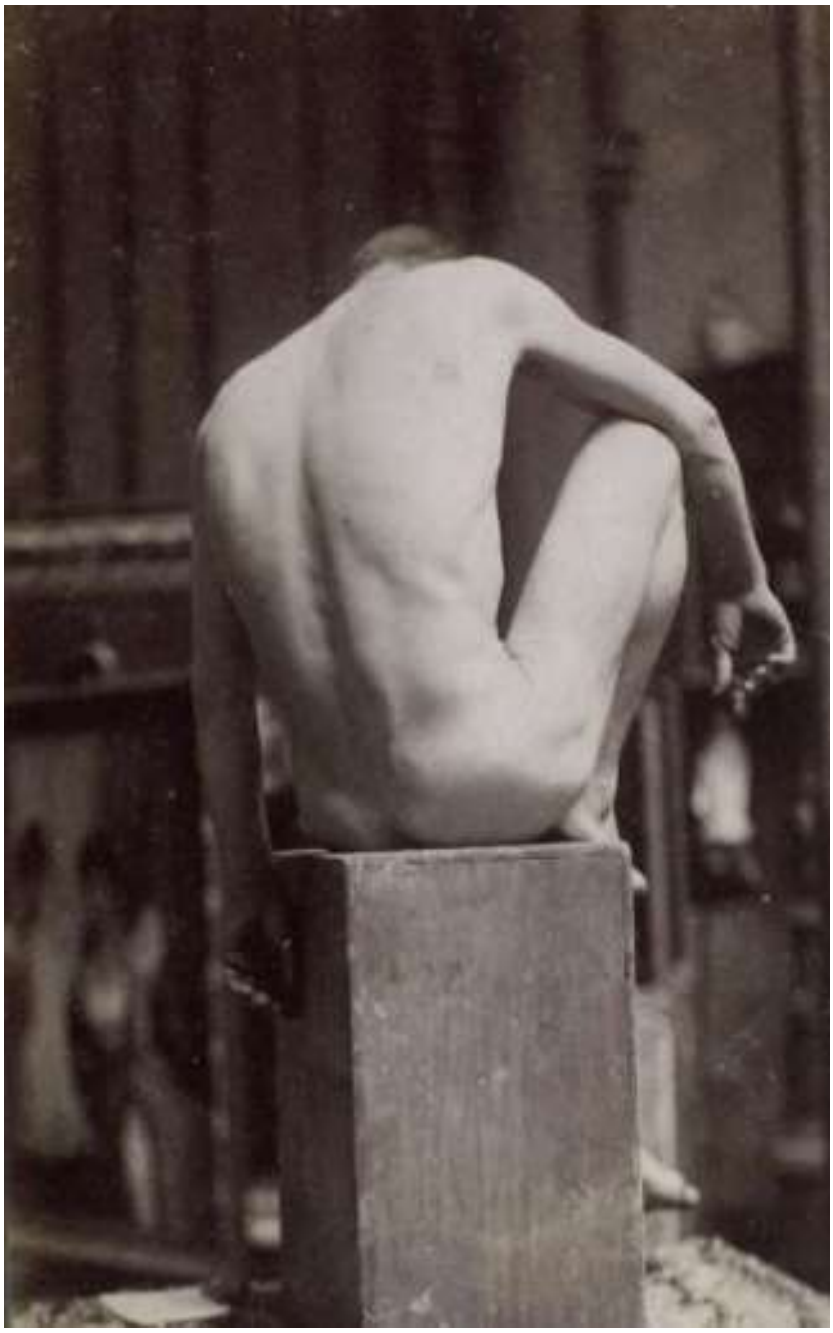
Poetry by Guillaume Apollinaire

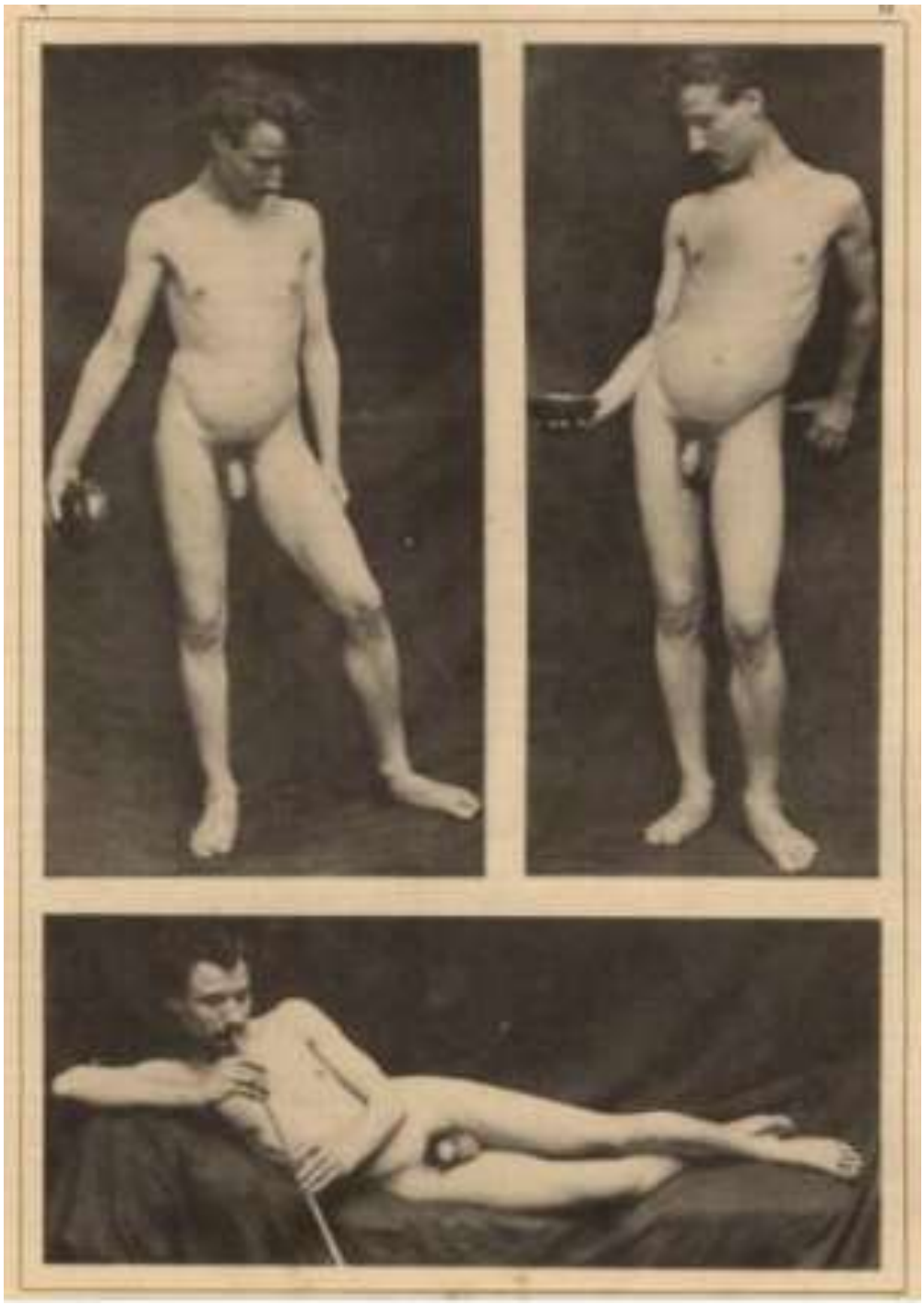
Le Bestiaire ou Courtège d'Orphée, Paris, 1911

Wood Block Prints by Dufy Raoul (1877-1953)

Kitan Photography

Six Male Figuratives from a London Studio, circa 1912





Pictorial: Shouldn't You be Wearing an Apron while you cook?

Three Shy Figuratives by Bill Henson

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